★ Aug. 4, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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On plane after plane, "rising suns" line up beside "swastikas" as the men and planes that helped smash the Nazis join the fight against the Japs. ★ Strange are the island-dotted open seas to the pilots who earned their "swastikas" over the hedgerows and winding rivers of the European Continent. ★ But familiar as the voice of an old friend is the smooth-running power of their Allison engines. Pilots learned half a world away that the name Allison means quality workmanship—and a reliable, dependable product.

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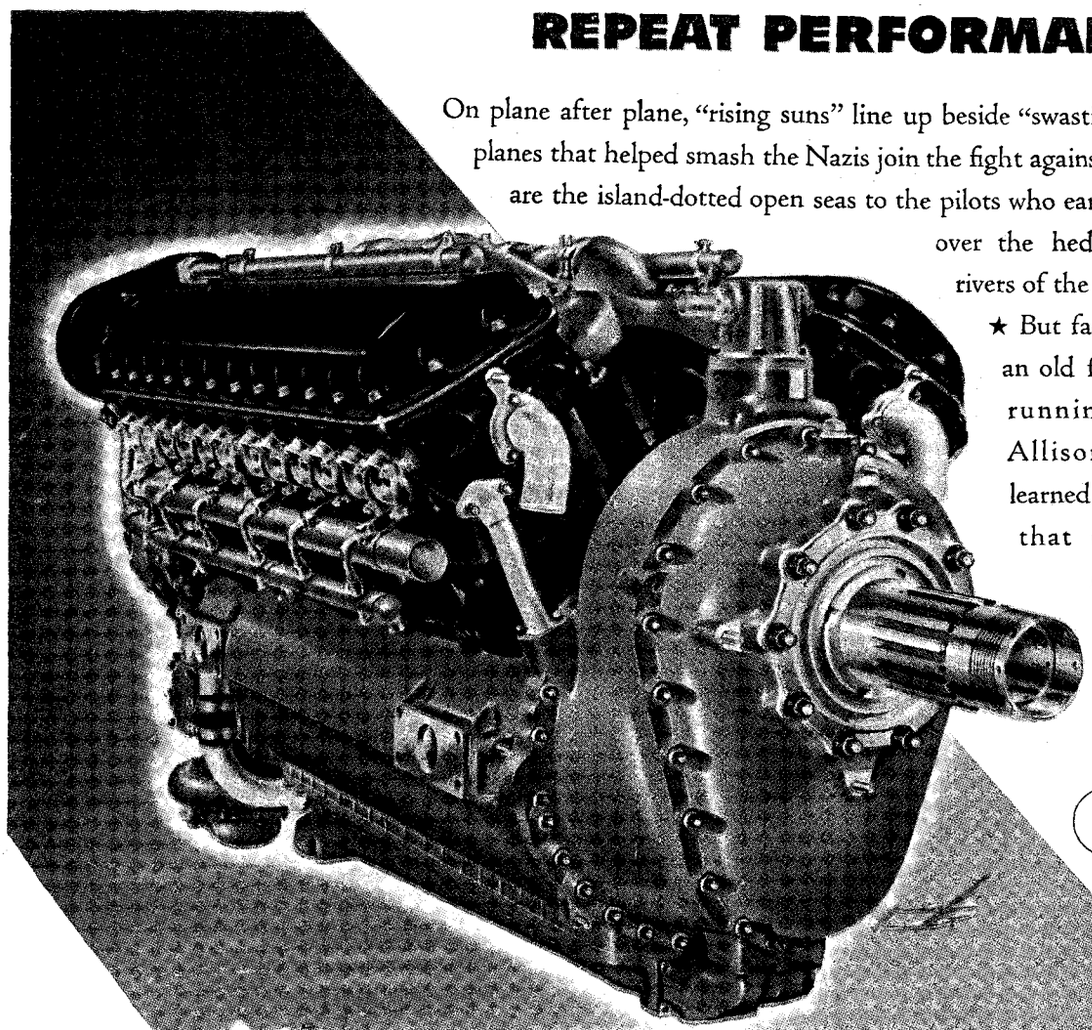

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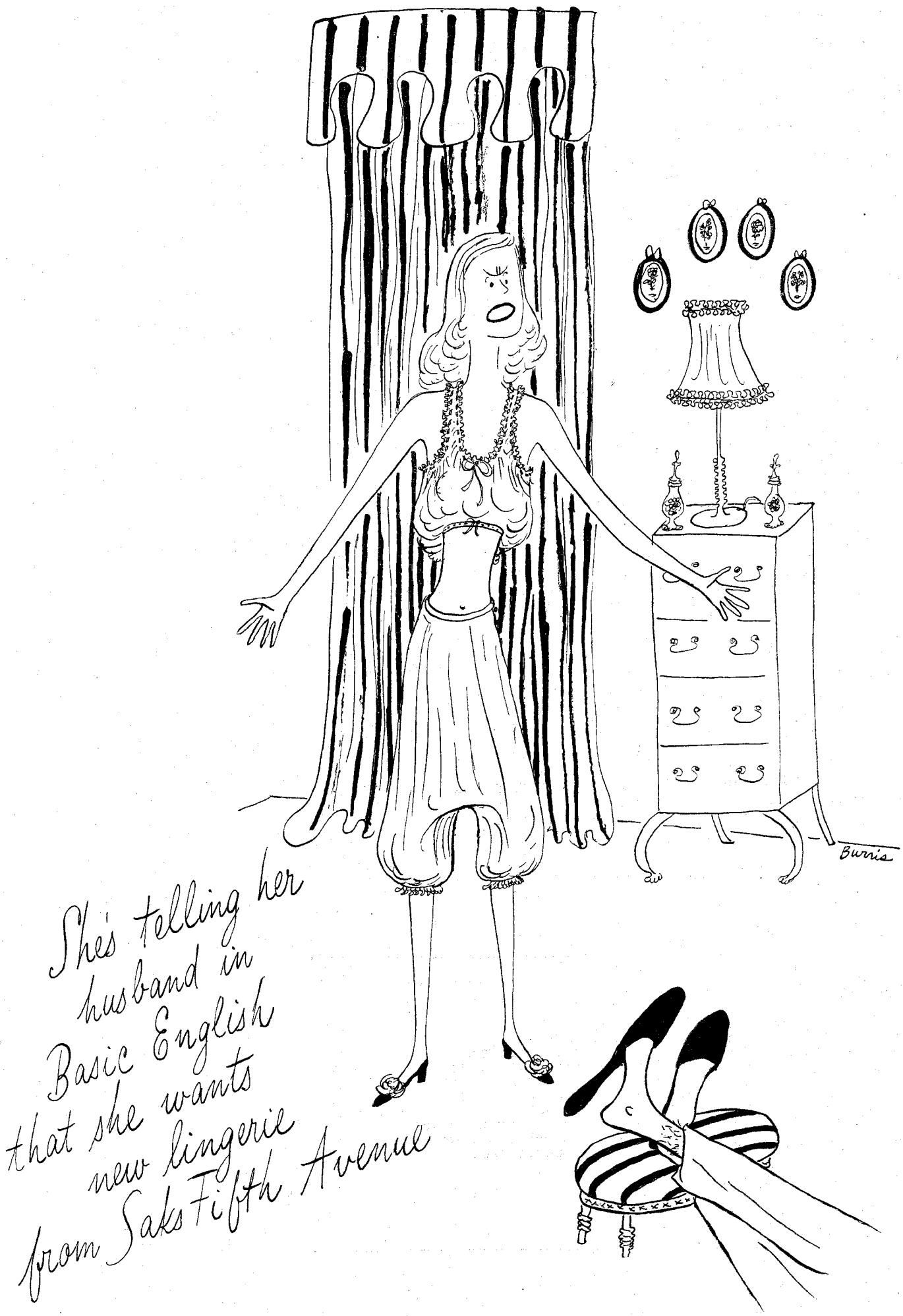

She's telling her husband in Basic English that she wants new lingerie from Saks Fifth Avenue

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6074. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—A summer entertainment based on the Mayerling story The music is rather agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUG. 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. 11

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat.

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THE NEW YORKER
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Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Josh White, and Beatrice Kraft, which is a lot higher than par anywhere in this August. Also, Edmond Hall's talented band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; John Kirby's orchestra for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Joe D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner in stately surroundings and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, is in the Cotillion Room, along with Stanley Melba's bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Garwood Van's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternate on the stand in the Persian Room; Walter Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team, for convention's sake. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic, way-upstairs, long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by Landon's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Lunno's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Jane Pickens singing at the supper hour. Standard dance music by George Olsen's orchestra and gay dance music by Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with lively music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a darksome glade in which to listen to the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in their summer doldrums. Joe Ricardel's orchestra. On Thurs., Aug. 9, Dick Smart will replace Mr. Cooper, if anyone cares. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets; no dancing. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Enric Madriguera's and Joel Herron's orchestras and the customary lackadaisical floor show, which includes Mitzi Green. . . . **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of young fry seething to Gene Krupa's music. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra (to be replaced by Chuck Foster's on Mon., Aug. 6) and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **Bossert**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **Nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): spécialités de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes'

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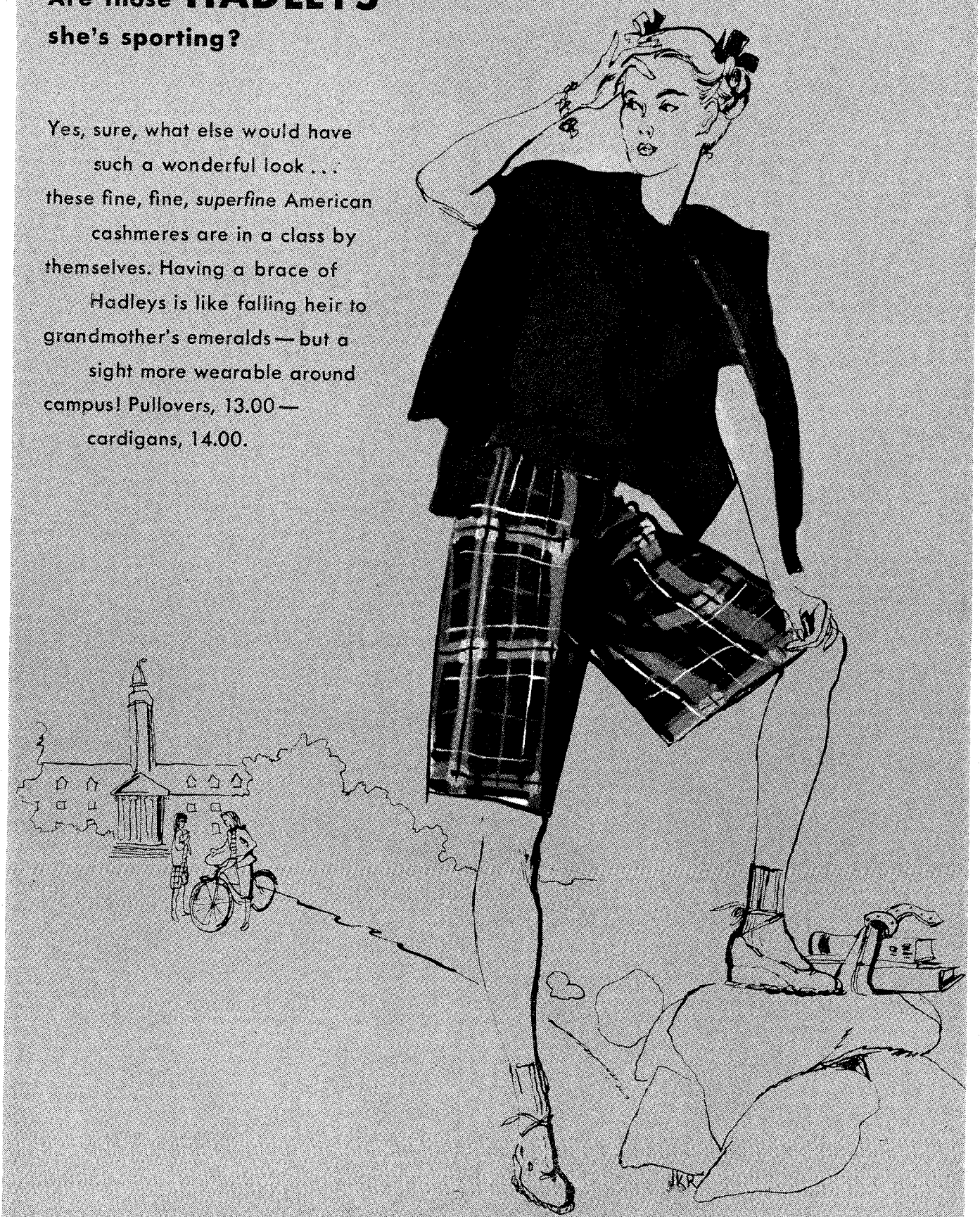

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sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett's band, Al Casey's new trio, and Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page heading up his new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

AL FRESCO—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafés: BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

GROUPS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 15. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . KOOTZ, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . O'CONNOR, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velásquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The Greek collection, arranged in a new setting to show the development of Greek art; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific, by American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

WAR ART—At the INTERNATIONAL BLDG., Mezzanine floor, Rockefeller Center: paintings centering on the activities of the U.S. Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, including Joseph Hirsch, Peter Blume, John Steuart Curry, and Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 14.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Tentative programs—Philharmonic-Symphony: Alexander Smallens conducting, through Sun., Aug. 5, and Tues. through Sat., Aug. 7-11; Robert Stolz conducting, Mon., Aug. 6. Highlights: "La Bohème," with Grace Moore and Jan Peerce, Aug. 2-3; Todd Duncan, baritone, Aug. 4; Emanuel List, bass, and Virginia MacWatters, soprano, Aug. 6; Eleanor Fine, piano, Aug. 8; Mischa Elman, violin, Aug. 9; John Corigliano, violin, Aug. 11. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Aug. 4 and 11, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 5, at 3:30 P.M. Soloists: Alexander Borovsky, piano, Aug. 4; William Kroll, violin, and Jascha Veissi, viola, Aug. 11. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Final programs—Vera Appleton and Michael Field, piano, Thurs., Aug. 2; Frank Kneisel, violin, and a string symphony, Fri., Aug. 3. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:30. (Central Park Mall.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Aug. 4, at 8:45 P.M., and Sun., Aug. 5 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Wed., Aug. 8, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 9-11, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 8-11, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 3; Jake LaMotta vs. José Basora, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 10. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Amateur Championship, match play rounds, Garden City G.C., Garden City, L.I., starting Sat., Aug. 11.

RACING—Empire City meet at Jamaica, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., Aug. 4. (Questionnaire Handicap, Aug. 4.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M., starting Mon., Aug. 6. (Flash Stakes, Aug. 6; Wilson Stakes, Aug. 7; United States Hotel, and Travers Stakes, Aug. 11.) Train times to be announced.

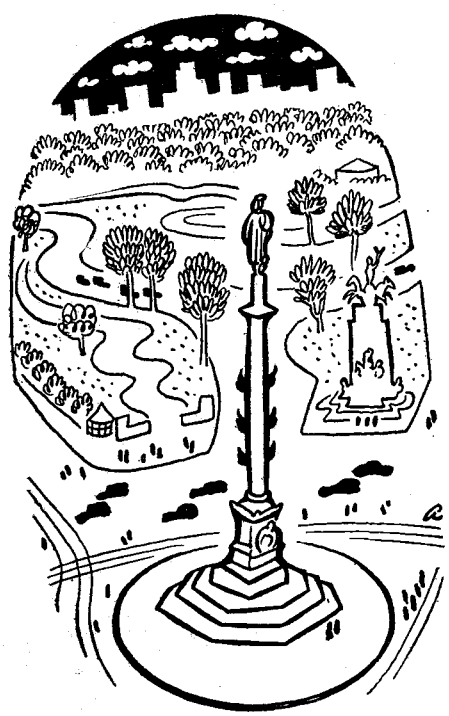
TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, N.Y., Wed. through Sat., Aug. 8-11.

TROTTING—At Goshen, N.Y., Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 7-9, at 1:30 P.M. (The Hambletonian, Aug. 8, at 3 P.M.) For information about trains, call the Erie Railroad in Jersey City, Journal Square 2-4600. . . . Saratoga, N.Y., weekdays at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25. . . . Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., daily at 8:40 P.M., through Fri., Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Race Weeks: Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association, Bayshore, L.I., through Sat., Aug. 4; Marblehead, Sat. through Sat., Aug. 4-11. . . . Championship Regatta on the Sound: Riverside Y.C., Sun., Aug. 5, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of U.S. Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15.



FLOWER SHOW—An exhibition of gladioli: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Wed., Aug. 8, from 2:30 to 10 P.M., and Thurs., Aug. 9, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

PLANETARIUM—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Aug. 5, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., Aug. 3 and 10, and Wed., Aug. 8, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Aug. 4 and 11, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Aug. 4 and 11, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Marian Anderson, contralto, Mon., Aug. 6, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., Aug. 3; Jake LaMotta vs. José Basora, Fri., Aug. 10; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: Questionnaire Handicap, Sat., Aug. 4, at 4 P.M.; Travers Stakes, Sat., Aug. 11, at 4:15 P.M.; WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper in a burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

A BELL FOR ADANO—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaption of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

JUNIOR MISS—Peggy Ann Garner in an engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

SAN PIETRO—John Huston and Frank Capra get together on a thirty-minute documentary about a U.S. infantry action in Italy. It's probably as fine as anything that has come out of the war to date. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 7.)

THE WAY AHEAD—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 4-7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., Aug. 7-10.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to

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IT'LL BE THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY

There's a Ford in your future!

COUNT on it! One day, you too will know the joy of owning a new Ford—a car that will be eager to take you traveling in style. . . . Then you'll look with pride at a car that's big—inside and out. It will be smart appearing. You'll listen to a motor that whispers of power. . . . And when you get underway—what pleasure! It will be so smooth and easy-riding—wealthy with comfort in front seat or back. You'll find it thrifty and reliable, as all Ford cars have been for more than 40 years. . . . More Ford cars are coming soon. Production has started but is very limited. Because America needs all available transportation, keep your present car in good condition. It will pay you to see your friendly Ford dealer regularly.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford

"THE FORD SHOW". Singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, complete NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E. W. T., 1:00 P. M., C. W. T., 12:00 M., M. W. T., 11:00 A. M., P. W. T.

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CALIF. GRAPE BRANDY 84 PF. CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY, INC., MANTECA, CALIF.

buy war bonds... and hold them

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUG. 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. 11.

do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Aug. 2.... Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 6-8.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 7-8.)

DAYBREAK (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., Aug. 8.)

DEAD END (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 5-6.)

40 GIRLS AND A BABY (1938)—A girls' school and a hidden baby. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 7.)

48 HOURS (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

THE GREAT MOMENT (1944)—Biography of the first painless dentist. Betty Field and Joel McCrea. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 4-7.... Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 7-9.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 4.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 4-6.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 5-7.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Aug. 3.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 3-5.)

JANE EYRE (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

LAURA (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., Aug. 7.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 3-6.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY (1944)—Innocents abroad in the nineteen-twenties. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 3.... Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 8-10.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Aug. 2.... Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Aug. 3.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Aug. 4.... Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 3-4.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Fri., Aug. 4-10.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 7-9.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 7-9.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

WILSON (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Aug. 7.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., AUG. 2: "M" (1931), with Peter Lorre.... FRI. THROUGH SUN., AUG. 3-5: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney.... MON. THROUGH THURS., AUG. 6-9: "Public Enemy" (1931), with James Cagney.... FROM FRI., AUG. 10: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), with Dorothea Wieck.

Ration book in hand, a woman clearly in no mood for trifles marched into an airlines office in Boston. She flipped over pages of red and blue points, triumphantly tore out an airplane stamp for rationed shoes and whacked it down on the counter. "There's my priority", she announced. "I want a seat on the next plane to Chicago". The ticket agent is still dazed. You just don't get them that way.

• • •

You may want no part of priorities, but unless you travel by bicycle you may find them a problem in the next few months. Right now, all traffic seems headed one way: west. Until the shift to the Pacific is over, even canal barges will be crowded. And that means priorities for plane travel. They are issued mostly to top military personnel, ferry pilots, production experts and service men on leave before going overseas.

• • •

Since V-E Day, traffic patterns of the nation have been sharply changed. Priorities are extremely heavy on some routes, mainly west, and lighter on others. But they do not apply on flights of under two hours, such as New York to Boston or Washington. It's first come, first served, except for connecting passengers. There's only one thing to do about priorities: pick up the phone and call an airline office. They will tell you the exact facts. Always, first consideration goes to the earliest reservations, or to those traveling farthest. That's a good thing to keep in mind.

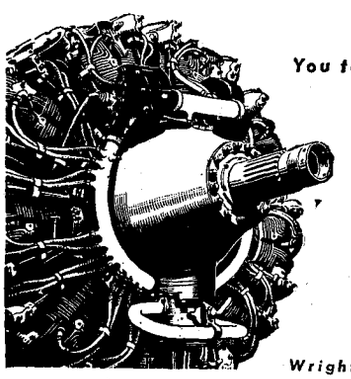
• • •

On the brighter side, more Cyclone-powered equipment is coming into use. Two new types of planes, with far greater passenger capacity, may be in use before too many months. One is the Curtiss Commando, powered by Wright Cyclone 18's, and which will carry 36 passengers at 240 miles per hour.

• • •

The other, also powered by Cyclone 18's, is the mighty Lockheed Constellation. It carries 55 passengers, cruises close to 300 miles per hour. Since planes are in use from 12 to 15 hours a day, the speed of these two means many more trips per month. To be used by most airlines, Commandos and Constellations and Cyclones will do much to ease the plane travel problem.

Finally, more of the Douglas transports are coming back into use, after a hitch in the Army. So be patient, and if dubious about priorities, pick up the phone. *It's the safe way.*



You take the trouble out of travel when you go by air

WRIGHT
AIRCRAFT ENGINES
DIVISION OF
CURTISS WRIGHT
FIRST IN FLIGHT

Wright Aeronautical Corporation • Paterson, New Jersey

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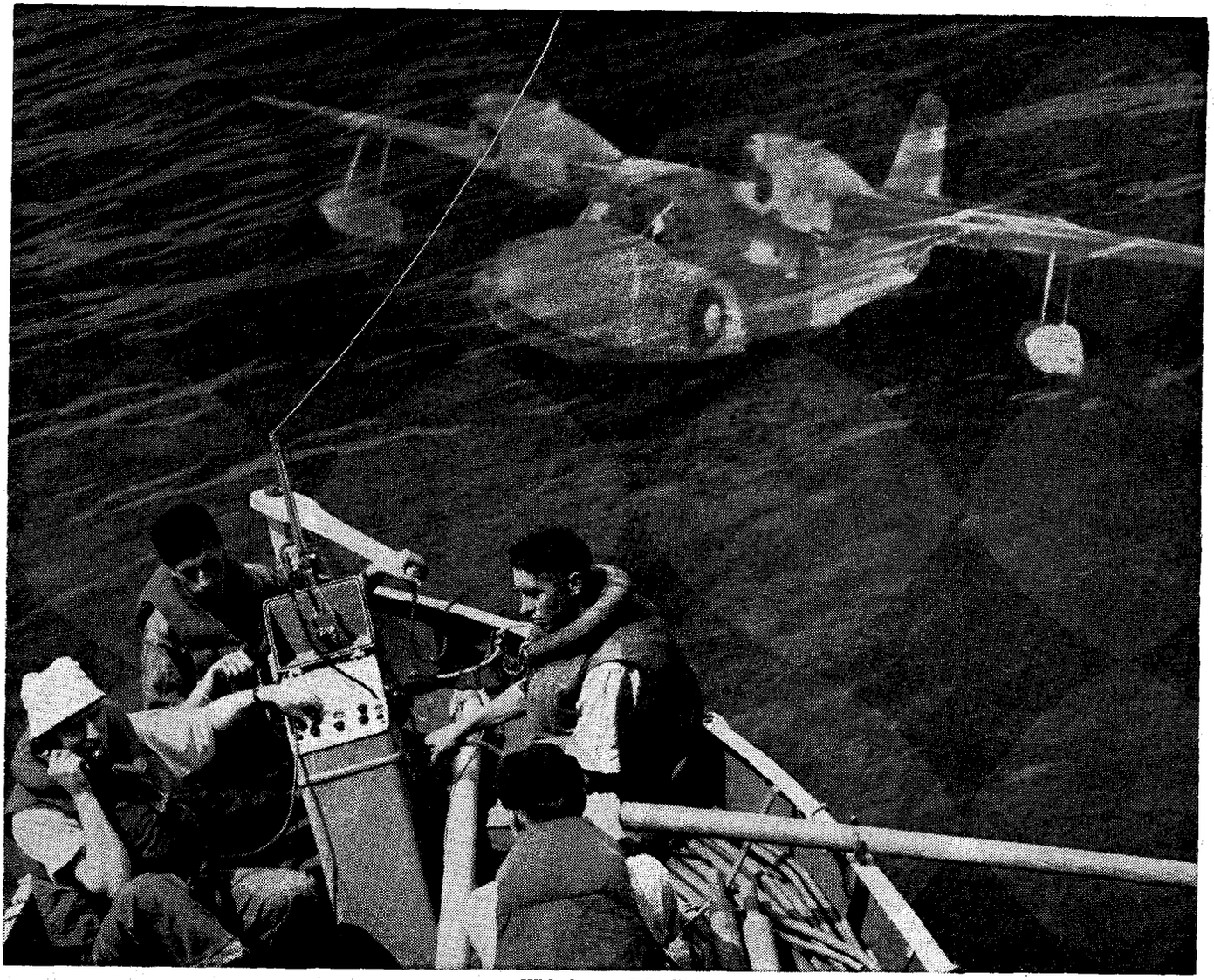


With the new RCA lifeboat radio, shipwrecks need no longer take a terrible toll of lives.

A two-way radiophone—for lifeboats!

Here's when a telephone comes in rather handy . . . when you can "get your party" and hear "We'll be there to get you in a couple of hours!"

With the new RCA compact lifeboat radio, that's exactly what happens. A kite, or a balloon, takes the antenna up 300 feet.

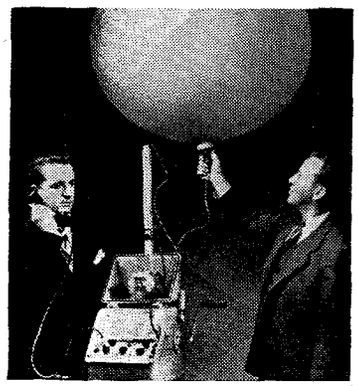
Turn the power-generating cranks and out goes an SOS—along with a direction-finder beam so shore stations can figure your exact location.

But even more amazing, shipwrecked mariners can talk with the men on their way to the rescue. They can "pick up" ships, airplanes, and that wonderful place called "land"—even if it's 1000 miles away!

Endless research, such as went into developing this lifeboat radio, goes into all RCA products.

And when you buy an RCA Victor radio, or television set or Victrola, you enjoy a unique pride of ownership in knowing that you possess one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has achieved.

Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20. • *Listen to The RCA Show, Sundays, 4:30 P.M., E.W.T., over the NBC Network.*



Joseph McDonald and Donald Kolb (holding balloon) are the Radio-marine engineers who developed this lifeboat radio. Here is the balloon that is inflated with helium and carries the antenna as high as 300 feet into the air.

RCA **RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA**

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In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

This is putting it a little strong, perhaps—but you probably don't realize just how strong the urge is—among nearly 4 out of every 5 Philadelphians—to read The Bulletin every day, come what may. In fact, that explains why Bulletin circulation is over 600,000 — the largest evening circulation in America.

(Advertisement)

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Ballet **DIVERTISSEMENT**

modern choreography in a graceful skirt of multi-color striped rayon faille, short for afternoon, long for evening; worn with a long sleeve blouse of rayon doeskin, in black, brown, or white.

blouse, sizes 10 to 18, 9.95

skirt, sizes 10 to 16, short, 9.95

long, 14.95

Altman blouse fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue New York

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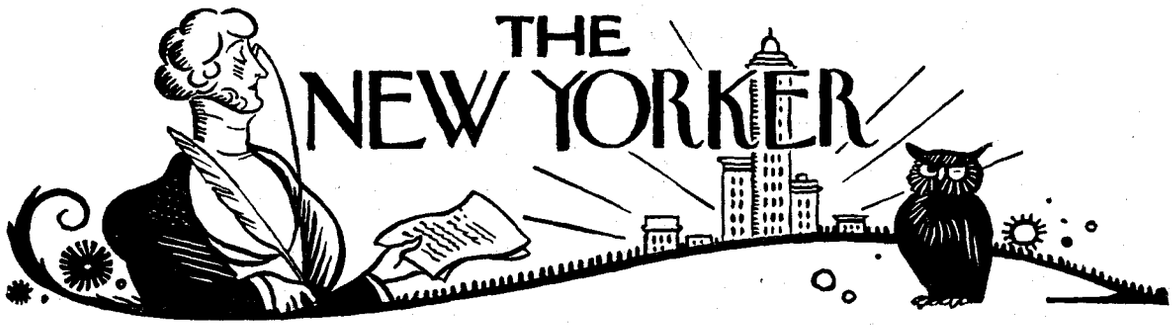

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DOWN in the cellar in Berchtesgaden, among some straw wine wrappers, a copy of *The New Yorker* was found. It was our issue of September 25, 1937. We have just gone through that back number to see if it contained anything of special interest to the Chief. (It is safe to assume that in the fall of 1937 Hitler was more than a little interested in American folklore.) One rather obvious thing in the issue was a cartoon, by Carl Rose, showing a group of foreign statesmen seated around a conference table, one of the statesmen remarking, "Oh, let's declare war and get the whole damn thing over with." It seems possible that Hitler's rat-nosed assistant spotted that one and sent it along marked "For your information," or "What d'ya make of this?"

But a more careful search through the issue has led us to a different conclusion. We believe that if Hitler was studying the magazine at all, it was because of the full-page color ad of World Peaceways, a nonprofit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs. That ad, if you recall your 1937, was one of a series. Magazines donated space. Artists and writers donated their services. Peace was what people were groping for, and when Americans grope for something they turn naturally to display advertising and grope all over the place. The

peace ad must have given Der Führer confidence to go ahead with his plans—for it is easier to ready one's airways if somebody else is readying his peaceways.

This ad, in particular, was a perfect example of the copywriter's art. It pictured an American suburban scene, with an American homeowner in his shirt sleeves, pipe in mouth, polka-dot tie unruffled, tending his petunias. The caption read, "The most powerful man in America!" (It even had the standard American punctuation, an exclamation point, in the caption.) The burden of the ad was that the most powerful man in America was Mr. Average Citizen. "He doesn't want war. He doesn't want to give up his job, leave his wife and youngsters, live like an animal in trenches." (The word "foxhole" hadn't reached the advertising agencies in September, 1937.)

The decadence, the idiocy of a country in which the most powerful man was Everyman must have given the German leader a lift. In fact, almost everything in the September 25th issue of *The New Yorker* boded well for Germany's future. The ads depicted not only a peace-loving society but a pleasure-loving one as well. Agents for towering apartment buildings were calling softly to tenants: come to "fashionable Murray Hill," "fashionable Sutton Place." The Sherry-Netherland invited "leisurely inspection." The wines were full-bodied, the Scotch was ancient, the milk was irradiated, the wallpaper was Imperial, and the Canadian Pacific was glad to take you round the world via Japan, China, Macassar, Bali, Surabaya, Batavia, Sabang, the Mediterranean, and London. The Rockettes had been abroad and had taken Paris by storm. Furthermore, our Yachting column, in that issue, contained the reverberating news that an owner of a Six Metre boat was seriously considering equipping her with a gold keel. If any doubts lingered in Hitler's mind, surely the news that Americans were busy putting golden keels on sailboats was enough to dispel those doubts. America, he might reasonably assume, was in the bag.

But an issue of any American magazine, of whatever date, is not wholly to be trusted as a guide to dictators. Now, eight years later, we feel a certain saucy satisfaction in noting, for our own records, that the man who wrote the Yachting column for our Berchtesgaden issue subsequently commanded an LCI at the beaches of Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Normandy, and was too busy, during those landings, to know whether his keel was gold or dross. There is a moral in it for the would-be conquerors of the future: Never read a magazine on the eve of a great adventure.

YOU probably wouldn't know this, but the Stork Club is the only place in New York with a cooling system that makes use of "one hundred per cent outside fresh air." We received a notice to that effect yesterday, but the Stork Club can't lure us over there with bait like that. "Outside fresh air" has a fine, clean sound till you get thinking about it; then you realize that the way to ventilate a room in Manhattan is never to allow the intake pipe to come in contact with the outside world but just let it pick up what little oxygen may be lying around the joint. Think what you get when you suck air in from the streets,

where it has been used over and over again by teeming millions breathing in and out, *in* and out, *in* and out. Is that what the Stork Club calls "fresh air"? Sometimes, on these fetid evenings, the air in the New York streets is so exhausted that a night-club proprietor might easily asphyxiate a whole roomful of people by introducing outside air in any considerable quantity.

A MINOR bank executive whom we recently encountered in a Pullman car let us in on one of the deepest

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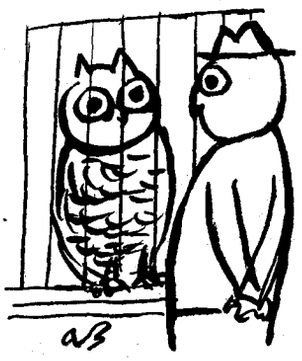
secrets of the trade. Of all a bank's customers, he told us, librarians as a class give the most trouble, and any sensible bank would rather deal with six forgers than one librarian. As you might imagine, every time a librarian gets absent-minded she postdates a check two weeks.

Defrosted Dinners

BY George, here's another tantalizing glimpse of that postwar world. For the past three months, passengers on planes operated by the Naval Air Transport Service have been served frozen dinners. That is, the dinners are precooked and then frozen in a dinner foundry, thawed out en route, and served hot. There is a choice of six blue-plate specials: ham steak, candied sweet potatoes, and spinach; veal cutlet, potato patty, and asparagus; hamburger, French-fried potatoes, and green beans; beef stew, asparagus, and hot breads; Swiss steak, apple sauce, and Lima beans; and roast lamb, peas, and bread pudding. This is all the doing of a New York inventor named William L. Maxson, who has been a grandfather for five months, closely resembles Henry VIII, and is left-handed. He is the inventor of such diversified products as a multiple machine-gun mount used by our Army, an automatic price computer for gasoline pumps, and an aerial-navigation instrument too complicated to describe in these pages, and the manufacturer of various types of gunfire-control mechanisms and computers.



Last week we dined with Mr. Maxson in his office, which is air-conditioned, has a kitchen, and overlooks the Hudson. In addition to the defrosted ham-steak platter, we had defrosted hors d'oeuvre, defrosted bread and butter, defrosted coffee, defrosted after-dinner mints, and a defrosted Corona Corona. All fine. "It depends on the way you do it, and the way I do it is special," Mr. Maxson told us. "Take the hors d'oeuvre, for instance. I freeze the bread first. Then I put on cream cheese mixed with minced scallions, or just salami, and freeze it again. That keeps the bread from getting soggy." The dinner we ate was defrozen in a metal box, called Maxson's Whirlwind, through which hot air is blown. This process made a terrific racket. Mr. Maxson explained that this was because he was using the twenty-four-volt D.C. motor that comes with the standard unit now used in airplanes. The post-war household unit will make no more noise than an electric fan. The defrosting can be done in an ordinary oven, but it takes thirty minutes longer than in a Whirlwind. The standard unit now heats up six plates at a time, but Maxson has turned out a hundred-and-twenty-plater for a cargo ship for the War Shipping Administration and is prepared to top that on request. At present, the Navy is Maxson's chief customer, but the Army and Henry Wallace (representing the Common Man) have shown considerable interest. "I guess they were impressed by the way we saved the Navy from Spam," Maxson rather cattily remarked. He's an Annapolis man, by the way, and has been in civilian life only ten years.

If he can get a War Production Board O.K., Maxson plans to start distributing his equipment to civilians even before the end of the war. The defreezing ovens will sell at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. The blue plates will be sold in delicatessens and drugstores at, he estimates, three times the cost of the uncooked food, which will keep the figure well under a dollar. The blue plates are now cooked and frozen in a plant in Queens Village, under the supervision of a Swedish chef who once worked for Queen Marie of Rumania. The plates go through ovens on a conveyor belt timed so that the food stays in until within fifteen minutes of being done; the heat of the defreezing unit does the rest. The cooked food is placed on a partitioned plate of postwar china —cardboard treated with a coating of phenolic resin plastic. A cardboard disc is put on top of the dish and sealed to it with a ring of plastic, and the meal is then kept at twenty degrees below zero for four hours, by which time it's as hard as yesterday's dinner rolls and in a state to last until Doomsday at a temperature of zero.

Maxson told us he got the idea of frozen dinners several years ago when he grew a surplus of cauliflower on his place in Jersey. He cooked and froze a little (for some reason) and upon tasting it a year later (for some reason) found that it was delicious. Now he never touches fresh food at home except for an occasional salad. His dinner guests are taken into his freezer and allowed to pick out just what they feel they'd like; one may take egg foo-young, another oyster stew, another curried chicken, and so on. None of this nonsense of everybody at the table eating the same thing.

Touched

FROM a sergeant on Guam comes word of an order, issued by his battalion commander, which states flatly, "Sun helmets may be worn *only* during heavy rains."

Death in Hoboken

THE Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine won't consider that the war is over in any theatre until our overseas troops stop sending home fruit, plant cuttings, fragile gifts wrapped in rice straw, and other packages likely to harbor foreign insects. The Bureau has inspectors stationed at all the places where mail from abroad is sorted—hereabouts it's the Morgan Annex Post Office, on Ninth Avenue—and any package suspected of harboring alien bugs is sent to a quarantine station to be dealt with scientifically. The nearest quarantine station is in Hoboken. There, in a light, clean laboratory staffed by scientists who are unmistakable in their white jackets, the insects are killed. Plants are saved, if possible. Narcissus bulbs, for example, are suspected of harboring eel worms, but instead of destroying the bulbs, the entomologists steep them for four hours in hot water, then let them dry out. Any eel worms that might have been inside are then dead, and the bulbs have a fighting chance of sprouting.

We talked to several inspectors in the course of an investigation of this procedure, and they were fairly unanimous in considering American-grown fruit the best in the world. We found them puzzled as well as alarmed by the steady influx of mangoes, lemons, oranges, passion fruit, bitter oranges, sour apples, and other fruit sent home by our eager soldiers and sailors. Any fruit, whether from the South Pacific, Central America, the Mediterranean, or any other tropical or subtropical area, may harbor the Mediterranean fruit fly. The last time this insect got loose in the country, the government had to spend seven million dollars eradicating it. The inspectors therefore don't even bother to send fruit from abroad to the laboratory. They just burn it as soon as they find it.

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All rice straw is burned, too, since it is likely to be full of leaf smut, downy mildew, or even glume blotch. This is why lots of girls don't get the grass skirts that their men have promised to send them. The only grass skirts that get past are palm-leaf ones.

Dead insects are passed, of course. A Marine in the South Pacific recently sent to his family in Utica several mounted specimens, about an inch in length, of the rhinoceros beetle. "Don't see what he wanted with those little dead rhinoceros beetles," an inspector told us. "We get live ones here as big as mice." He added that one of his most hair-raising recent catches was a German helmet tenderly wrapped in raw cotton within which was a thriving nest of pink boll worms. The awful thing was that this helmet was addressed to Savannah. Tons of chestnuts have been sent here from Italy since the occupation; they are passed after being fumigated to kill the chestnut weevil. (It was not the chestnut weevil that killed most of our chestnut trees over the last sixty years; that was the Asiatic chestnut blight.) One fellow sent a big crate of chestnuts, each of which he had carefully wrapped in waxed paper. This rendered them completely inedible by the time they arrived. "Chestnuts have got to breathe, too," a grieved entomologist told us. Some Persian grape cuttings recently turned up in Hoboken in such a desiccated state that they were obviously not going to be worth anything. Mr. George Becker, the head of the Import and Permit Section of the Bureau, sat down and wrote the sender a letter of advice on shipping grape cuttings—he was to put them in moist sawdust and then wrap them in waterproof paper. The moist sawdust lets the cuttings breathe.

Request

FOR the next Hollywood sequence of a British horse race, we offer the following line, gleaned by one of our transatlantic operatives at Ascot. Our man was sitting back of an Englishman who had a horse in the Gold Cup, and his two young sons, who wore toppers and Eton collars. When the horses got away, the tension in the little group was noticeable. One of the lads turned an appealing glance toward his parent. "Father," he asked, "may we shout?"

Presto!

LAST week we gave ourself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Charles H. Larson, an elderly retired businessman who unquestionably has the finest magic collection in existence. He pos-

"Gentlemen, Mr. Johnson is here to report. As you know, he has been making a personal survey of the public's response to our new singing commercials."

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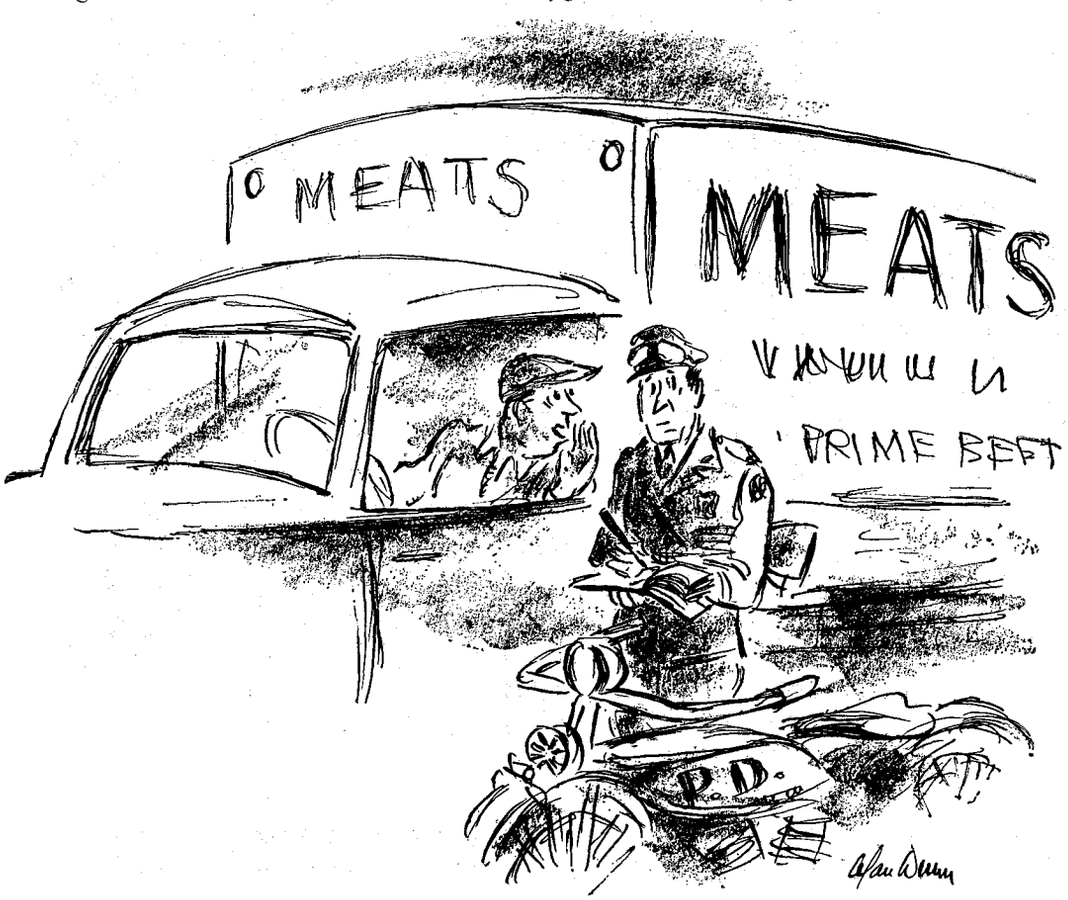
sesses the necessary false bottoms, sliding panels, mirrors, foo cans, houlettes, cannon-ball vases, linking rings, card packs, and whatnot for the performance of forty thousand baffling feats of magic. He has the cream of this collection in his suite at the Savoy-Plaza, the remainder in a loft on West Sixty-sixth Street, where a full-time attendant keeps things polished and in working order. Mr. Larson is bright-eyed and eager, though nearing his seventies, and he thinks it's his interest in magic that has kept him young. He buys many of his tricks, paraphernalia and all, from the magicians who have invented them, promising that he won't reveal the secret. However, if he can help a magician without revealing another's secret, he'll do it. The day we talked with him, he was elated because he'd been of service to a young wizard in Syracuse who wished to give the illusion of passing a rod through a solid piece of glass but couldn't hit on a modus operandi unaided.

Mr. Larson got the magic bug late in life, but he got it bad. Fifteen years ago he gave up the thirty-four Oldsmobile salesrooms he controlled in various Eastern cities and took to travelling with his wife. He found this dull until, in Berlin, he saw a magician performing in a variety hall. This was the first magician he had ever seen, and it was love at first sight. He got in touch with the fellow and bought his entire repertoire, a hundred tricks. Since then Mr. Larson has been four times around the world, and has made four side trips to the Continent, buying tricks. One of the reasons magicians are willing to let Mr. Larson in on their secrets is that he seldom performs in public, and never professionally, so he can't be regarded as a competitor. Mr. Larson confesses that he is only a so-so magician, but once he won the grand prize at a magicians' convention, for a card trick. He did the trick for us, and we'd have given him the grand prize, too. He is first vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Magicians and attends several conventions every year; it's a full life, his.

Mr. Larson told us that when the Duke of Windsor was Prince of Wales he was interested in magic. Mr. Larson has no way of knowing whether the Duke kept it up or not, but once he saw him in a London magic shop, buying an ivory cup into which a little blue ball could be made to disappear. Naturally, Mr. Larson also owns an ivory cup and blue ball. He has proved to his own satisfaction that there is no such thing as the Indian rope trick, a matter that, to us, requires no great proof. At one time he was eager to include in his collection all the tricks of the wizards of bygone times. Investigation, however, showed that the old-timers had so little stuff they wouldn't even get a job in a night club these days. For instance, Mr. Larson saw Conradi Horster, a contemporary German magician, make an elephant disappear from his living room. "I'd like to see Cagliostro or Merlin do *that!*" Mr. Larson cried. Horster offered him the trick for six hundred dollars, but he had to refuse. "Mrs. Larson would leave me if I brought an elephant into the Savoy-Plaza," he told us sadly.



Old-Fashioned

A Tuckahoe housewife has been enjoying something of a success foolish with an account her brother sent her from Europe of his liberation from a German prison camp by Russian guerrillas. "Those marvellous guerrillas," she has been saying, "were just like early American Indian scouts. They used exactly the same technique. Armed only with tomahawks, they crept silently through the underbrush, ambushed the camp, and captured thousands of Germans." The lady's husband felt, as a husband often does, that there was something fundamentally askew in his wife's story, but he couldn't shake it. Being a patient man, he waited till last week, when the brother got back to this country. All the way from New York to Tuckahoe, he grilled the young man and at last found what he was looking for. It wasn't tomahawks the guerrillas used; it was tommy-guns.

One Man's Family

HERE is a brief report on the recent visit to town of the Saudi Arabian delegation to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. The party was headed by His Royal Highness Prince Faisal ibn-Abdul-Aziz al-Saud, Viceroy of the Hejaz and Minister of Foreign Affairs of Saudi Arabia, who is the second son of King Ibn-Saud. He was accompanied by eight official advisers, all sheiks, and two physicians, three bodyguards, and four other princes—his son, Prince Abdullah ibn-Faisal al-Saud, who is twenty-three, and Prince Fahad ibn-Abdul-Aziz al-Saud, Prince Muhammad ibn-Abdul-Aziz al-Saud, and Prince Nawaf ibn-Abdul-

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"He was about five foot ten and he had on fawn-colored trunks."

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Aziz al-Saud, three of his twenty-four brothers. Prince Nawaf, who is twelve, is one of the youngest of the King's sons, and is (we've worked it out for you) Prince Abdullah ibn-Faisal al-Saud's uncle.

The delegation put up at the Waldorf, where we got in touch with one of the advisers, Ahmad-Abdul Jabbar, a short, chubby sheik of twenty-four. He was dressed in a white igal, white kufaya, white aba, white balto, maroon socks, and thick-soled maroon oxfords. You can take our word for this. He informed us that he is secretary of the Political Section of the royal court and a graduate, class of '43, of the American University of Beirut, in Lebanon, where he learned to speak English. He was humming "I'm the Sheik of Araby" as we arrived and a moment afterward broke into "Alexander's Ragtime Band." He was soon interrupted by music from another room. He smiled patiently. "Small Prince Nawaf is playing his records again," he said. "His Royal Highness discovered a music shop in Brooklyn that sells Arabic records. He has purchased a large collection. He plays them until three in the morning. Some of us cannot sleep. Personally, I would prefer to listen to hot jazz, but he is the Prince."

The party's visit to New York was unofficial, and Prince Faisal didn't drop in at City Hall. He attended only three formal dinners, one given by the Texas Oil Company, one by the Saudi Arabian Mining Syndicate, and one by the Near East College Association. He also had lunch with the Waves at Hunter College. Sheik Jabbar went to none of these affairs. "We go our separate ways," he told us. "You can understand that we are weary of looking at each other and of hearing speeches. In Detroit, on the way here from the Conference, we attended a dinner where twenty-eight speeches were given. Twenty-eight! In your city we have but one aim—to build up resistance."

Shopping was the most popular activity among the princes and sheiks. They all bought pin-striped business suits as soon as they got here. As Sheik Jabbar explained to us, "We were very uncomfortable when we wore the igal and aba in public. We would immediately be surrounded by several strange ladies. At least one of them was bound to tell us that we reminded her of Rudolph Valentino. As you may know, it is not our custom to speak to strange ladies. Once I went for three years without speaking to a single lady. A man usually speaks only to his wife. And a man usually has only one wife these days. The harem is a thing of the past." Sheik Jabbar told us that he had limited his shopping to inexpensive earrings, bracelets, and necklaces for his four sisters (it's all right to speak to them; he ran up that three-year record away from home) and shaving sets for his friends. "I'm no prince," he said. "I'd rather spend what money I have on cheeseburgers."

We asked if we could meet the small Prince Nawaf. He was still in the next room, under the guardian eye of a city detective. The Prince is thin, dark, and *very* active. He wears long pants and knows four words of English—"hello," "goodbye," "O.K.," and "cinema." Through an interpreter, he informed us that he is in the fourth grade at the School for Princes back home and that he studies geography, history, geometry, and religion. In his spare time, he goes riding and hunting birds in desert oases. While he was at the Waldorf, he spent a couple of hours every morning on his schoolwork, and then, accompanied by the detective, got into a livery Cadillac and explored the city. Among the places he and the detective visited were Palisades Park, Jones Beach, Rockaway Beach, and Coney Island. At Coney Island the Prince bought cotton candy, corn on the cob, whistles, dolls, and comic hats, and enjoyed eighteen consecutive rides on the Dodgem. Prince Nawaf went back to Coney Island so many times that his big brother, Prince Faisal, got curious about it and went out there too.

Breadwinner

SOMETIMES an overheard conversation makes your flesh creep. The other day, shopping at Bloomingdale's, we heard a woman say, "Oh, you know how *they* get along. Whenever they're short of money he slips on somebody's sidewalk or something." Her companion nodded. "Sure," she said, "and didn't they marry on the money he got out of being hit by the subway train that time?"

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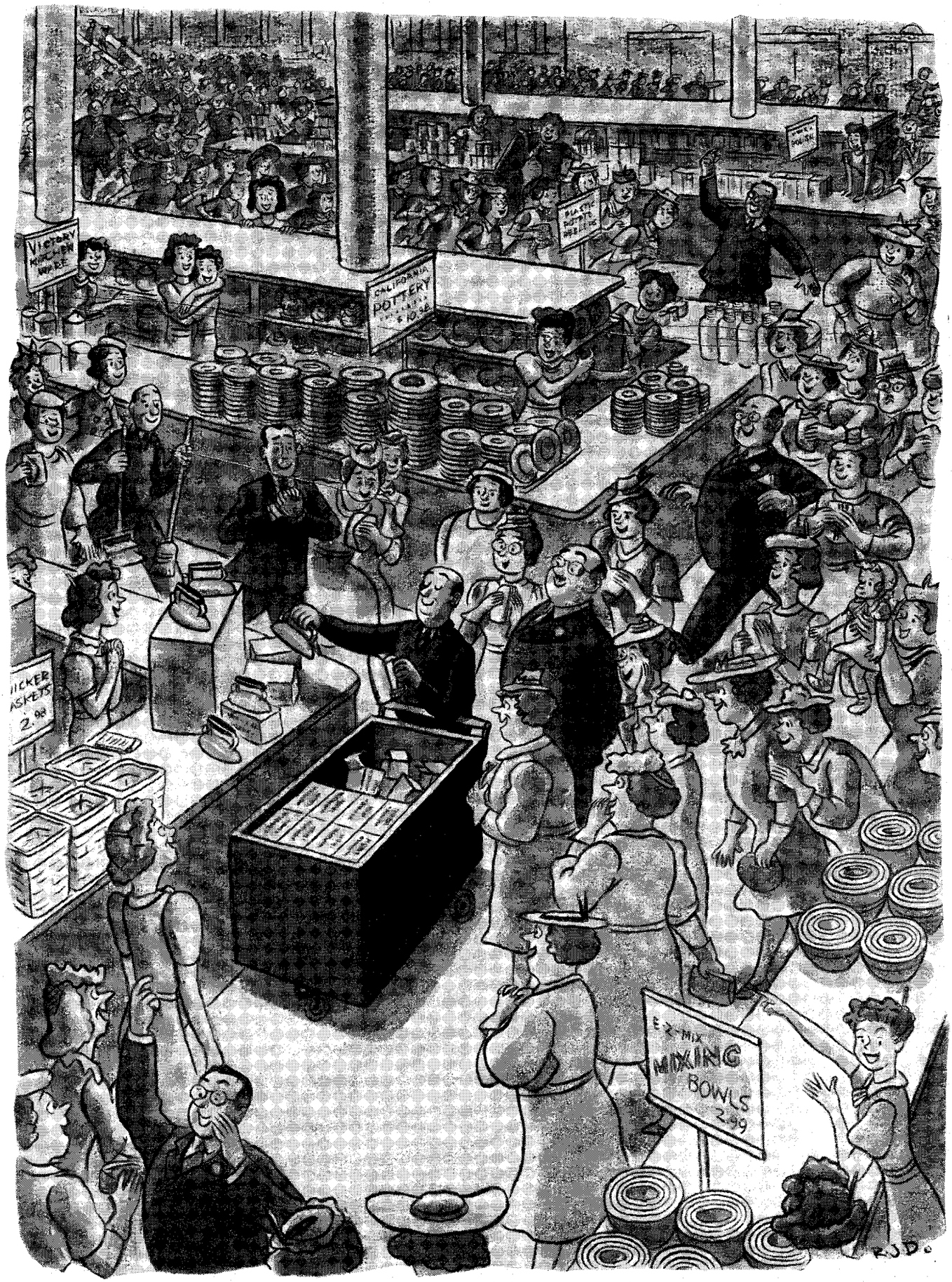

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TIME MARCHES UP!

IT is plain to me, as I read the editorial roster of *Time* magazine, that *Time* is approaching the absolute ceiling of classification. Just how it will be able to describe any new help hired after this point is a nice problem. Even in loose groupings, *Time* has already devised eleven altitudes of Editors—twelve if you count David Hulburd (Chief) as in a class by himself apart from other Bureau Heads. *Life* seems to have sixteen layers of operatives, but that's a picture outfit. Even so, *Life* is up against much the same difficulty. It's all right as long as both publications stay the way they are. The test will come when they get a full paper supply once again and start to go higher.

Time's roster is something to be attempted only in easy stages. Starting in swampy country with the little fellows, the Staff Correspondents, the amateur of administrative nomenclature ascends past:

Staff Correspondents
Bureau Heads
David Hulburd (Chief) (might just as well put him in here and get it over with)
Editorial Researchers
Contributing Editors
Associate Editors
Senior Editors

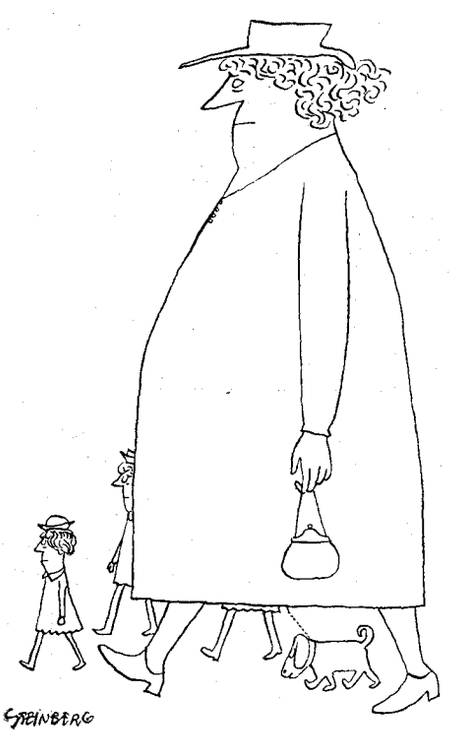
That was a good, brisk climb, and we are now on a kind of tableland; small, to be sure—only room for seven Senior Editors; altitude around eleven thousand feet. Far below us, we see the minute forms of the Bureau Heads and the Editorial Researchers. They look like pigmies from this elevation. The Staff Correspondents have all but disappeared, but here and there we can sight one through the faint haze, or perhaps it's only a jack pine.

Well, here at this remote height, we set up our base camp. A good many of our party will have to stop at this point; after all, most people, when they've got up to the Senior Editors, have had enough climbing. A few of us, experienced climbers, push on. The heavy equipment is left behind. We carry only binoculars and arctic sleeping bags. We spend this first night atop the last great shoulder before the peak itself, an officelike formation known to most cartographers as Managing Editor (alt. 14,750). We carry sufficient rations for only thirty-six hours, and our drinking water comes from the snowbanks which we are already encountering on the north slope.

We resume the climb at sunup the next day. By midmorning we are halfway up the bald face of a veritable precipice. Nothing grows at such a height. The last gnarled outposts of timberline have vanished. Yet in this great silence, lofty and inaccessible, we find two Editors—just Editors. The Senior Editors presumably don't have the wind to climb this high. At any rate, here are Manfred Gottfried and, slightly above him, Henry R. Luce (alt. 19,870). Now three thousand sheer feet of Index tower over us; the summit itself is hidden for the moment in clouds.

We get out the pitons, rig the life lines. A single misstep will be fatal. Down in the flatlands with the Staff Correspondents, the thermometer stands at ninety-four degrees. It's fifteen below zero up here where we are. We find ourselves wondering whatever became of David Hulburd. Memory plays strange tricks at these altitudes. We begin the painful ascent of the Index.

We crawl up through Theatre, Sport, Science, Religion, Radio, Press. We pause for a rest at People, but it's only for a few minutes. We press on: Music, Miscellany, Milestones, and Medicine. We are nearing the top of the page! Yes, we have reached John Shaw Billings, Editorial Director, and from where we are perched, this looks like the end of our climb. But stay—over the jutting crag our leader is pointing, and we scramble on up to another ledge. It's Roy E. Larsen, President! We clutch the rock, gasping but triumphant. Our barograph is jiggling at 22,500 feet.



Again, the thin air and our exertions combine to fool us. Still not the top. But now we can see plainly above us. Only a couple of hundred yards of the spire remain. Our knees feel curiously enlarged and we are all lightheaded. To drive a single piton takes all our strength. But we keep on.

Those watching us from the base camp told us later it took only thirty-five minutes, but it seemed hours while we clawed our way to the true summit—Editor-In-Chief, Henry R. Luce, all by himself (alt. 23,137). Having last seen him down at 19,870 as Editor, we were naturally astonished to find him again at the top. (We learned later that he has a secret route of his own, shared with only a few top-flight Timexecutives.)

ALL this will give you some idea of what lies ahead of *Time* in the matter of titles and job descriptions. I am going to stake the Company to a couple of words which may help in the volatile days yet to come. I borrow a leaf from the book of fraternal organizations and give *Time* the first word, "Supreme." That will take care of any promotions from this point on for a year or two, at least. The higher ranks will simply become Supreme Staff Correspondents, Supreme Bureau Heads, Supreme President, etc. David Hulburd will be Supreme Bureau Heads (Chief).

As I say, this word will protect the organization for the time being. The same problem, however, is bound to recur. At that time my second word, "Exalted," will be placed in front of "Supreme." There will be Senior Editors, Supreme Senior Editors, and Exalted Supreme Senior Editors. Mr. Luce will become Exalted Supreme Editor-in-Chief.

That's about as far ahead as I can see it. —CHARLES W. MORTON

•

Adolf Hitler's half brother and Joachim von Ribbentrop's mistress have been arrested by British security officers, it was learned today.

Hitler's half brother, whose first name is not definitely known, was arrested in Hamburg. He is considered a kind of blacksheep of the family, military officials said.—*U. P. dispatch in the Herald Tribune.*

Must be quite a scalawag.

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VISIONS IN THE CREUSE

ON a summer afternoon not long before the war, a twelve-year-old boy named Robert might have been seen walking along a path over the moors of the Creuse, in the hilly center of France. It was a path which he often took when he was herding the family cows, but this time he was on a personal errand. He was on his way from his family's farm, at St. Yrieix-la-Montagne, to Pelletanges, three miles away. What he wanted was to see Gabrielle Cancalon and ask about the wonderful thing that had happened to her the other evening, something which had set the whole countryside talking.

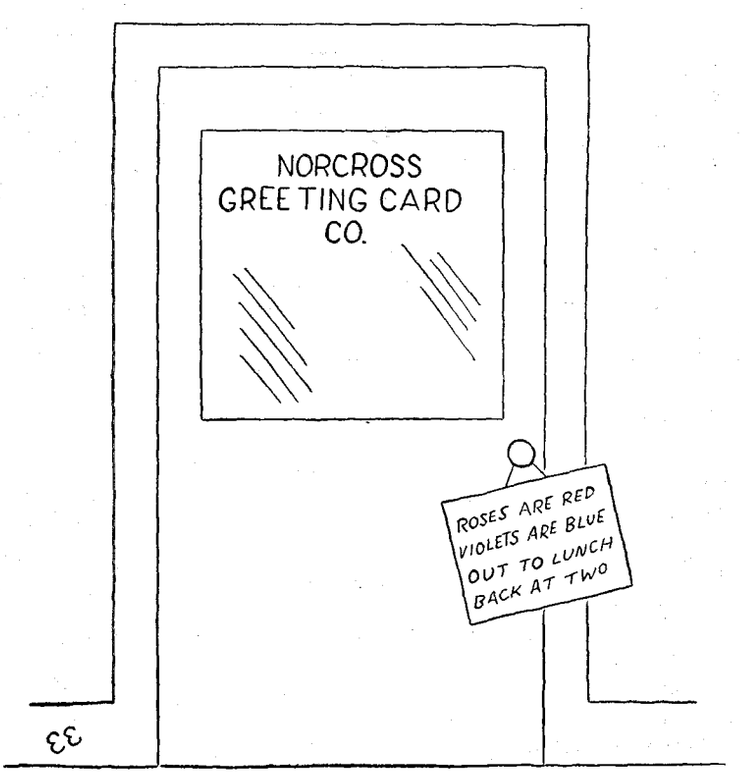
His own family had had a lot to say about it that noon. His grandfather, Papa Gène, thought that what Gabrielle needed was a good spanking; his grandmother, la Mère Christine, thought that this was probably correct, but, she said, some very strange things had happened at the place where Gabrielle had seen what she had seen; his mother had reminded the others that Gabrielle's great-aunt was crazy as a cracked bell; and his uncle, *Tonton* Aristide, had laughed a lot and told the story in English to the American *Tata*, who frequently couldn't understand their talk. His great-grandmother, la Mère Marie, had really heard the most about it. From her seat under the holly trees by the road she had stopped every passerby and got his account of it. As each passerby's story was different from the last one and more horrifying, Robert thought that he would go and find out for himself. He had not, luckily, been sent out with the cows. Papa Gène had taken them, refusing indignantly the old gun which the family had urged upon him, "in case you see the black man."

It was a fine, sunny day, with high-flying clouds, and Robert swung along in his hobnailed *galoches*, whistling, his sack on his back. In the sack was a thick crust of rye bread, a slab of white cheese, and a worn paper-bound notebook—just what he took with him when he kept the cows. You couldn't always be sure of company, out with the cows. Some days there would be a whole band of people, and some days you saw only your own shadow and the dog. The notebook helped to pass the time. Scattered among his school homework were puzzles and puns—"*Ma mie est malade. Camomille? (Qu'a ma mie?)*"—and facts to remember, such as "The Normandie is 313.02 metres long and travels 30.50 knots." There were also drawings—anatomical sketches of birds and beasts, machines, clocks, and designs for buildings. Robert liked to know how things were made and how they worked. The drawings he liked best he went over later in green, red, and purple ink.

Robert never tired of the moors. They were common ground, and the cows of three townships—Lavaud, Pelletanges, and St. Yrieix—were pastured there. You never knew whom you might meet out herding, and, since the dogs were quite capable of looking after the cows, if you struck good company you could pass a lively afternoon. The moors lent themselves to fine games. They dipped into hollows and rose in hummocks, and the turf was seamed with rivulets, many of which were torrents in early spring and dusty, winding paths in summer. Cows and sheep trod these paths into a network, threading the thickets of heather, gorse, and juniper like a giant maze. Young herdsmen played hide-and-seek along them or went bird's-nesting or picked blueberries and cranberries. The streams that lived through the summer had eaten great holes under the turf of their banks, and in these dark pools the trout hid. The boys caught them with their hands.

Robert could never make out whether he was glad or not the times when he saw Gabrielle Cancalon coming on the moors. Her arrival looked like fair day, for the Cancalons had thirty cows. They were a proud and wealthy family—stiff-collared, as the saying went. The Cancalons and the Dethèves had the only two farms in Pelletanges, and they could never agree as to which farm was the better or whose men had the bigger enterprise of masonry at Paris.

Gabrielle marched along behind her thirty sleek cows and her pompous black dog, Médor, like a queen with her court. She was fourteen, the same age as Robert's sister, Dédé, and she was willing to play with Dédé but looked down her nose at twelve-year-old Robert. He was tongue-tied when she was around, and it didn't help any that she called him "Robert Cabbage Ears." His ears weren't his fault. His mother said that it was because she had not turned him often enough in the cradle. It was all right to make fun of a boy because he was a do-nothing or a coward, but not because his ears stuck out. He would show Gabrielle someday, Robert often said to himself, and he sometimes dreamed that her ears had grown enormous and waved bright and pink behind her yellow braids while she tried to cover them.



A rough slab of stone with a rude cross chiselled on it lay by the path that Robert followed this summer afternoon. The stone was surrounded by a few meagre trees, holly and oak, wrenched and twisted by the wind. There was a story about the stone. In the old days a good-for-nothing old peddler had come through the countryside with an equally good-for-nothing daughter. When she died, after a drunken bout at an inn, he would not even get her a priest or a coffin. He put her body on a wheelbarrow, wheeled it out on the moors, and

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buried it there. Someone—the village priest, most likely—had marked the place with the stone, and marked the stone with a cross but no name. When the wind whined in the trees at night, you could meet the old peddler's ghost, people said, moaning and trundling a heavy wheelbarrow. Robert, though he pretended to scoff, usually found an excuse to go round another way after dark.

"Is that a true story?" he had once asked la Mère Marie.

"Might be, might not," she had said. "Might be partly true but not all. Like the stories in my red book of fairy tales. Like Santa Barbarata and the butterflies. Something happens, gets passed from mouth to mouth, doesn't grow any smaller in the telling. So a little girl who goes to mass every Sunday and looks after her garden and her chickens turns into Santa Barbarata, who protects the butterflies, and when the heathen are about to burn her they all come flying to put out the fire with their wings."

"Papa Gène says that all stories about the saints are like that," Robert said.

"A lot Papa Gène knows about the saints!" la Mère Marie replied, snorting. "If he had more belief, he might not find himself the way he is, with a bad heart which won't let him work, like an old, crippled cow."

"Papa Gène says he will live and die without belief," Robert said.

"Well, after he dies he can tell that to the proper authorities," la Mère Marie had said grimly.

A GOOD hour's climb over the moors, and Robert came to Pelletanges. The Cancalons' farm was on one side of the road, the Dethèves' on the other. The Cancalons' house was much like Robert's own—a great, rough block of granite with a roof of reddish tile—but it looked more forbidding, because there were no roses growing over it or fuchsias in tubs by the door. He saw Gabrielle down by the rabbit hutches, feeding the rabbits with the peelings from dinner.

Evidently she hadn't gone out with the cows again, just as he had figured. The other day had been too much. She was wearing not a black, long-sleeved apron, like most of the girls, but one of red and white checks, like a tablecloth. Her yellow hair was brushed smooth into long braids and her full cheeks had a shine to them. Ordinarily, Robert admitted, she wasn't bad-looking. Today, though, she was peaked, with circles under her eyes, as when you have been dosed with that bitter purge, *thé de chambard*. But Robert saw quick enough that here was a more high-minded and important suffering.

Gabrielle, poking cabbage leaves under the rabbits' soft, nibbling noses, looked up and saw him. "*Hé*, Robert Cabbage Ears," she said.

"*Hé*, Gabrielle," Robert replied. "Say, what story did I hear about you? The grocery wagon told us something, but I thought it was some joke."

Gabrielle flared up. "Oh, you thought so? You'll see if it was a joke! Didn't they take me to the doctor for a tonic this morning because I couldn't sleep these last nights? And it won't do any good. I shan't sleep tonight, either. I shan't ever forget it, *malheur!*" She pressed her hand to her eyes.

"Maybe you'll forget it. It's easy to forget," said Robert, practically. "It would be a pity to forget, really, because a thing like that doesn't happen to everybody." He took out his notebook and pencil. "Tell me about it and I'll write it all down here. Then you'll have it exactly as it happened and won't ever forget any of it."

Gabrielle was flattered. Robert was not much of an audience, but they said he was bright in school, and, although she had told the story to a good many people, who had all been greatly impressed, no one else had offered to take down the very words from her

"After all, what do a few inconveniences matter if two people really love each other?"

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mouth. It might be a good idea, if she had to keep on telling it.

In their hutches the rabbits made small, munching noises and stared out with their round, silly eyes.

"Last Tuesday," she began, as though she were speaking from a pulpit, "I was out with the cows, out on the moors. The cows acted strange all afternoon—jumpy, as though they had colic—and Médor and I had trouble with them. The sky looked strange, too. The air seemed so heavy, like before a storm, and once I am sure I saw a fiery cross, right over our farm. It seemed to shoot down into the biggest haystack."

Gabrielle crossed herself and her voice grew low and thrilling. "So it came to be sundown, and time to take the cows home. We went along all right until we came to the sunken road. You know the sunken road?"

"Yes, yes," said Robert, writing hard. "That old road that goes down so deep between the hedges, with the stone cross halfway along it. I came the other way, by the shortcut. I wouldn't go there after dark."

"It was quite dark by then, but I have never been afraid, you know. At first the cows did not want to turn down it but Médor and I drove them in. Then, all of a sudden"—she caught her breath—"a terrible noise! A clattering like the hooves of a monster horse, and a frightful roaring, like nothing on this earth!"

"La-laaa!" Robert exclaimed. His ears seemed to stretch and to quiver slightly in horror.

"The cows went wild. Think of it, thirty of them milling around in there! Médor nearly got trampled, and I ran up the bank, so as not to get under their hooves or caught on their horns. And then I saw it!" Gabrielle closed her eyes and put out her hand, as though to push back a dreadful sight. "Right by the old stone cross. A man on a black horse! The horse had sparks whistling out of his nose like a locomotive. The man, too, I think. The cows backed away in a circle from him. The horse reared up and pawed at the old cross, and it fell over and shook the earth. I thought I was going to fall down, too. I felt my blood revolving within me and my brains move in their sockets!"

Her eyes still closed, Gabrielle clasped her hands and swayed back and forth. "But then, *mon vieux*, but then, something came down like a white cloud. The air smelled so good, like hawthorn and wild roses. The howling stopped and the creatures were gone. And I saw . . . in the cloud I saw something. It looked like a white hand."

" 'Like a white hand,' " Robert mumbled as he wrote.

"By that time my father had heard the racket and he came running, with Albert and Pierre and a gun, and they let the watchdogs out, too. The dogs and Médor got the cows back on the road, and they took no harm. But I screamed and screamed. I was crying so I could hardly walk home."

"What did the man on horseback and the hand look like, exactly?" said Robert. "Think of everything you saw."

"Well, I was so frightened I may not have seen everything," said Gabrielle. "But the horse was black and shiny like a water snake, and the man, too. The hand—well, it looked like a white hand. You know! Floating in the air. . . . Mother said it was surely a miracle and we should go to the priest about it, but Father said around here you would need to have the Blessed Virgin go on foot from the Croix de Jacques to the church at Aubusson, ring the bell with her own two hands, and raise all the dead in the cemetery before they would count it a miracle."

"You are sure you saw all that?" Robert asked.

"Sure as I see you! Robert, if you don't believe me, you can just lift your feet and get off home!" Gabrielle's voice was rather cross for a receiver of divine visitations. Just then her mother called to her from the house, sounding full of a most special pride and importance. "Come in, *ma chérie!* Don't tire yourself! The Dethève cousins from

WEST CHOPSTICKS

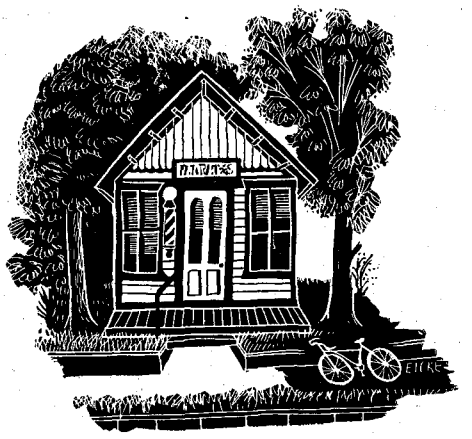
I live at the top of old West Chop
In a house with a cranky stove,
And when I swim I risk life and limb
On the pebbles that line the cove—
Where the waves wish-wash, and the foghorn blows,
And the blowfish nibble at your toes-oes-oes,
The blowfish nibble at your toes.

I lunch and sup on scrod and scup,
And once in a while on beans,
And the only news that I get to peruse
Is in last year's magazines—
Where the waves wish-wash, and the foghorn blows,
And the blowfish nibble at your toes-oes-oes,
The blowfish nibble at your toes.

When the sea gulls shout the lights go out,
And whenever the lights go on
I pursue the moth with a dusting cloth
Till the bobwhite brings the dawn—
Where the waves wish-wash, and the foghorn blows,
And the blowfish nibble at your toes-oes-oes,
The blowfish nibble at your toes.

But when the breeze creeps through the trees
And the wee waves shiver and shake,
Oh, I wouldn't swap my Western Chop
For a sizzling Western steak—
I want to wish-wash where the foghorn blows,
And the blowfish nibble at your toes-oes-oes,
The blowfish nibble at your toes.

—Ogden Nash



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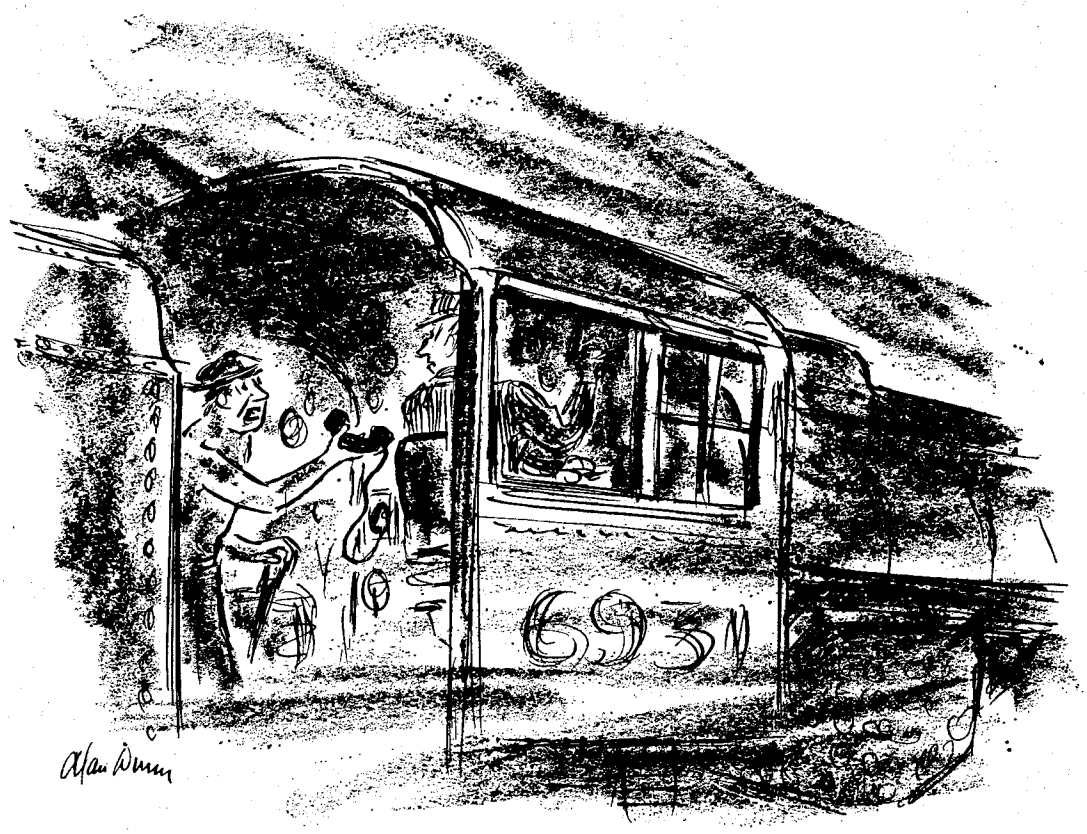
St. Marc are here and want to hear all about it."

Robert hastily finished writing. "But I do believe you, word of honor, Gabrielle," he said. "I'll copy this in another notebook, a prettier one, and bring it to you. I'll make pictures, too, in colored ink. *Ça sera chic, ma vieille. Tu verras.*"

"Thank you, Robert," answered Gabrielle, mollified, and went into the house, stiff and solemn. Robert watched her thoughtfully.



"For you, Pete—it's your wife."

ROBERT did not go straight home. Instead, he made for the sunken road, which was one of his favorite spots. It was a stretch of road so old that it had been worn down into the earth. The banks on each side had been lined with stone to keep them firm, and the hedges of holly had grown up on each side of it so high that they met overhead. It was dark and cool underneath, and the stones and the old stone cross were damp and mossy. It smelled like a cave. He threw himself down on the moss and looked about him.

The cross was lying flat on the ground, just as Gabrielle had said. One of the cows had knocked against it, probably, Robert decided. With thirty of them bottled up, there had been a big trampling and thundering around. The road was all torn up by their hooves. And up above, behind the thickest part of the hedge, was the place where he had been hiding all through it.

The St. Yrieix cows always left the moors before the Pelletanges cows, having farther to go. On the way home, Robert had skipped off from Dédé, who had been keeping the cows with him that day, and had run back and hid beside the sunken road, waiting for Gabrielle. When he heard her coming with the cows, he had clapped his sabots together and roared like a lion. That had been the clattering and roaring Gabrielle had heard. He had meant to frighten her, but he had not expected quite such a resounding success.

Anyhow, there was no harm done that he could see, though Gabrielle would be prouder than ever now and he couldn't ever tell her. Even so, he had been pretty smart. When he had heard Cancalon and the men and the dogs coming, he had run for the old hollow oak, a short way back up the road. He hadn't climbed directly into it—he was not such a fool; the dogs would have been after him in no time. Instead, he climbed a nearby tree, and dropped into the oak from an overhanging branch. Inside the trunk he was snug as a squirrel and the dogs had barked and barked around the wrong tree. When they were all gone, he had climbed out and skipped for home. He had made it in time for the soup.

But there was a thought lurking in Robert's mind, like the trout in the pool, waiting to trouble him. It was about all those marvels that Gabrielle had seen. She really believed in the man on the black horse and the white hand; she wasn't just making it up. And, whether she did or not, there were now plenty of others who did. What a ball he had set rolling! Where would it stop?

Frowning, Robert looked at his notebook and read over what he had written. The story wasn't true, but it would be believed and told, perhaps after he was a grown man, perhaps after he was dead. A crazy trick had become, somehow, bigger and stronger than the truth.

He sighed and rolled over on the moss, feeling very empty. Automatically his hand reached for his pocketknife. He crept up to the biggest and oldest holly tree, and on the thick trunk, smooth and silvery gray, carved his initials. He took great pains with the letters, and it was quite a while before he stood back to look at them and was satisfied.

An evening wind stirred through the hedges on either side of the sunken road, carrying a bitter smell of acorns. Robert looked around and was surprised how dark it had grown. The air seemed cold and he shivered suddenly. Thrusting the knife back in his pocket, he started toward home, whistling loudly. When he came to the tomb of the peddler's daughter, he took a good running start and jumped right over it.

—MARY MIAN

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GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Times*]

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MR. FLOOD'S PARTY

A FRIEND of mine, Mr. Hugh G. Flood, who is a retired house-wrecking contractor, an amateur ichthyologist, and the honorary Mayor of Fulton Fish Market, was ninety-five years old on the twenty-seventh of July. Three evenings beforehand, on the twenty-fourth, he gave a birthday party in his room at the Hartford House, a waterfront hotel where he has lived since shortly after the death of his second wife, in 1932. "I don't believe in birthday parties never did but some do and I will have one this time to suit myself if it kills me," he wrote on a penny postal, inviting me. "Will be obliged to have it on the 24th as I promised my daughter Louise in South Norwalk I would be with her and my grandchildren and great-grandchildren on my birthday itself. Couldn't get out of it. And due to I can't seem to find any pure Scotch whiskey any more it has got so it takes me two or three days to get over a toot. Louise is deadset against whiskey talk talk talk and I know better than to show up in South Norwalk with a katzenjammer. I will expect you. It will not be a big party just a few windbags from the fish market. Also Tom Bethea. He is an old old friend of my family. He is an undertaker. The party will start around six and it is immaterial to me when it stops. I am well and trust you are the same."

The Mayor of the Fish Market

Mr. Flood's hotel, the Hartford, is a hangout of fishmongers, oyster dealers, trawler fishermen, and tugboatmen. It is clean and snug, but it was put up in 1836 and is beginning to show its age. It stands on the southwest corner of the junction of Pearl Street, Ferry Street, and Peck Slip, on the rim of the fish-market district. I walked up Peck Slip around six-thirty on the evening of the twenty-fourth, and the peace and mystery of midnight was already over everything; work begins long before daybreak down there and ends in the middle of the afternoon. There wasn't a human being in sight, or an automobile. The old pink-brick fish houses on both sides of the Slip had been locked and shuttered, the sidewalks had been flushed, and there were approximately two hundred gulls from the harbor walking around in the gutters, hunting for fish scraps. The gulls came right up to the Hartford's stoop. They were big herring gulls and they were hungry and anxious and as dirty as buzzards. Also, in the quiet street, they were spooky. I stood on the stoop and watched them for a few minutes, and then I went into the hotel's combined lobby and barroom. Gus Trein, the manager, was back of the bar. There were no customers and he was working on his books; he had two ledgers and a spindle of bills before him. I asked if Mr. Flood was upstairs. "He is," said Mr. Trein, "what's left of him. Are you going to his party?" I said I was. "In that case," he said, "hold your hat. He was in and out all afternoon, toting things up to his room, and he had three bottles of whiskey one trip. The last time he came in, half an hour ago, Birdy Treppel was with him—the old fishwife from the Slip. He had a smoked eel about a yard long in one hand and a box of cigars in the other, and he was singing 'Down, Down Among the Dead Men,' and Birdy had him by the elbow, helping him up the stairs."

One of Mr. Flood's closest friends, Matthew T. Cusack, was sitting on the bottom step of the stairs in the rear of the lobby. He had one shoe off and was prizing a tack out of it with his pocketknife. Mr. Cusack is a portly, white-haired old Irish-American, a retired New York City policeman. He is a watchman for the Fulton Market Fishmongers Association; he sits all night in a sprung swivel chair beside a window in a shack on the fish pier. In the last six or seven months, Mr. Cusack's personality has undergone an extraordinary change. He was once a hearty man. He laughed a lot and he was a big eater and straight-whiskey drinker. He had a habit of remarking to bartenders that he didn't see any sense in mixing whiskey with water, since the whiskey was already wet. At a clambake for marketmen and their families in East Islip, in the summer of 1944, he ate three hundred and sixty-six Great South Bay quahogs, one for every day in the year (it was a leap year), and put four rock-broiled lobsters on top of them. He has a deep chest and a good baritone, and at market gatherings he always stood up and sang "The Broken Home," "Frivolous Sal," and "Just Fill Me One Glass More." In recent months, however, he has been gloomy and irritable and pious; he is worried about his health and believes that he may have a heart attack at any moment and drop dead. He was in vigorous health until last Christmas, when the Fishery Council, the market's chamber of commerce, gave him a present, a second-hand radio for his shack, so he could hear the war news while at work. Aside from listening in barrooms to broadcasts of championship prizefights, Mr. Cusack had never before paid any attention to the radio, but he soon got to be a fan. He got so he would keep his radio on all night. A program he especially likes is sponsored by a company that sells a medicine for the acid indigestion. Around the middle of February, he developed the acid indigestion and began to take this medicine. Then, one morning in March, on his way home from the market, he was troubled by what he describes as "a general run-down feeling." At first he took it for granted that this was caused by the acid indigestion, but that night, while listening to a radio health chat, he came to the conclusion that he had a heart condition. He is fascinated by health chats; they make him uneasy, but he dials them in from stations all over the country. He got over the run-down feeling but continued to brood about his heart. He went to a specialist, who made a series of cardiograms and told him that he was in good shape for a man of his age and weight. He is still apprehensive. He says he suspects he has a rare condition that can't be detected by the cardiograph. He never smiles, he has a frightened stare, and his face is set and gray. He walks slowly, inching along with an almost effortless shuffle, to avoid straining his heart muscles. When he is not at work, he spends most of the time lying flat on his back in bed with his feet propped up higher than his head. He takes vitamin tablets, a kind that is activated *and* mineralized. Also, twice a day, he takes a medicine that is guaranteed to alkalize the system. The officials of the Council are sorry they gave him the radio. Edmond Irwin, the executive secretary, ran into him on the pier a while back

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and told him so. "Why, what in the world are you talking about?" Mr. Cusack asked. "That radio probably saved my life. If it wasn't for that radio, I might've dropped dead already. I didn't start taking care of myself until those health chats woke me up to the danger I was in."

I went on back to the rear of the lobby and spoke to Mr. Cusack, but he didn't look up or answer. He had the stairs blocked or I would have gone on past him. After he got the tack out of his shoe, he stood up and grunted. His face was heavy with worry. We shook hands, and I asked him if he was going to Mr. Flood's party or coming from it. "Going, God help me," he said, "and I dread it. I feel like I ought to pay my respects to Hugh, but I dread the stairs. A poor old man in my condition, it's taking my life in my hands." The Hartford is five floors high and it doesn't have an elevator. Mr. Flood's room is on the top floor. I stood aside and waited for Mr. Cusack to start up, but he said, "You go ahead. I'm going to take my time. It'll take me half an hour and when I get to the top I'll most likely drop dead."

MR. FLOOD has a corner room, overlooking the Slip. The door was open. His room is usually in a mess and he had obviously had it straightened up for the party. There was a freshly ironed counterpane on his brass bed. His library had been neatly arranged on top of his tin, slat-bound trunk; it consists of a Bible, a set of Mark Twain, and two thick United States Bureau of Fisheries reference books, "Fishes of the Gulf of Maine" and "Fishes of Chesapeake Bay." His collection of sea shells and cuttlebones had been laid out on the hearth of the boarded-up fireplace. Ordinarily, his books and shells are scattered all over the floor. On the marble mantelpiece were three cast-iron statues—a bare-knuckle pug with fists up, a running horse, and an American eagle. These came off the magnificent fire escape of the old *Police Gazette* building, which is on Dover Street, in the fish-market neighborhood. (Mr. Flood is sentimental about the stone and iron ornaments on many buildings down in the old city, and he thinks they should be preserved. He once wrote the Museum of the City of New York suggesting that the owners of the *Gazette* building be asked to donate the fire-escape ornaments to the Museum. "Suppose this bldg. is torn down," he wrote. "All that beautiful iron work will disappear into scrap. If the owners do not see fit to donate, I am a retired house-wrecker and I could go there in the dead of night with a monkey-wrench and a blow-torch and use my own discretion.") Above the mantelpiece hung a lithograph of Franklin D. Roosevelt, a Thomas Rowlandson aquatint of some scuffling fishwives in Billingsgate that came off a calendar, and a framed beatitude: "BLESSED IS THE MAN WHO DOES NOT BELLYACHE—ELBERT HUBBARD." In the middle of the room stood an ugly old marble-top table, the kind that has legs shaped like the claws of a dragon, each claw grasping a glass ball. There was a clutter on the table—a bottle of Scotch, a pitcher of water, a bucket of ice, a box of cigars, a crock of pickled mussels, a jar of marinated herrings, a smoked eel, a wire basket of sea urchins, two loaves of Italian bread, some lemons, and a stack of plates. The sea urchins were wet and dripping.

There were four people sitting around the table—Mr. Flood, Mrs. Treppel, a salesman of fishing-boat hardware named Ben Fass, and an old man I had never seen before. Mrs. Treppel had

"As a matter of fact, it's a rather amusing story. Do you remember last spring when Herbert was police commissioner during Boys' Week? . . ."

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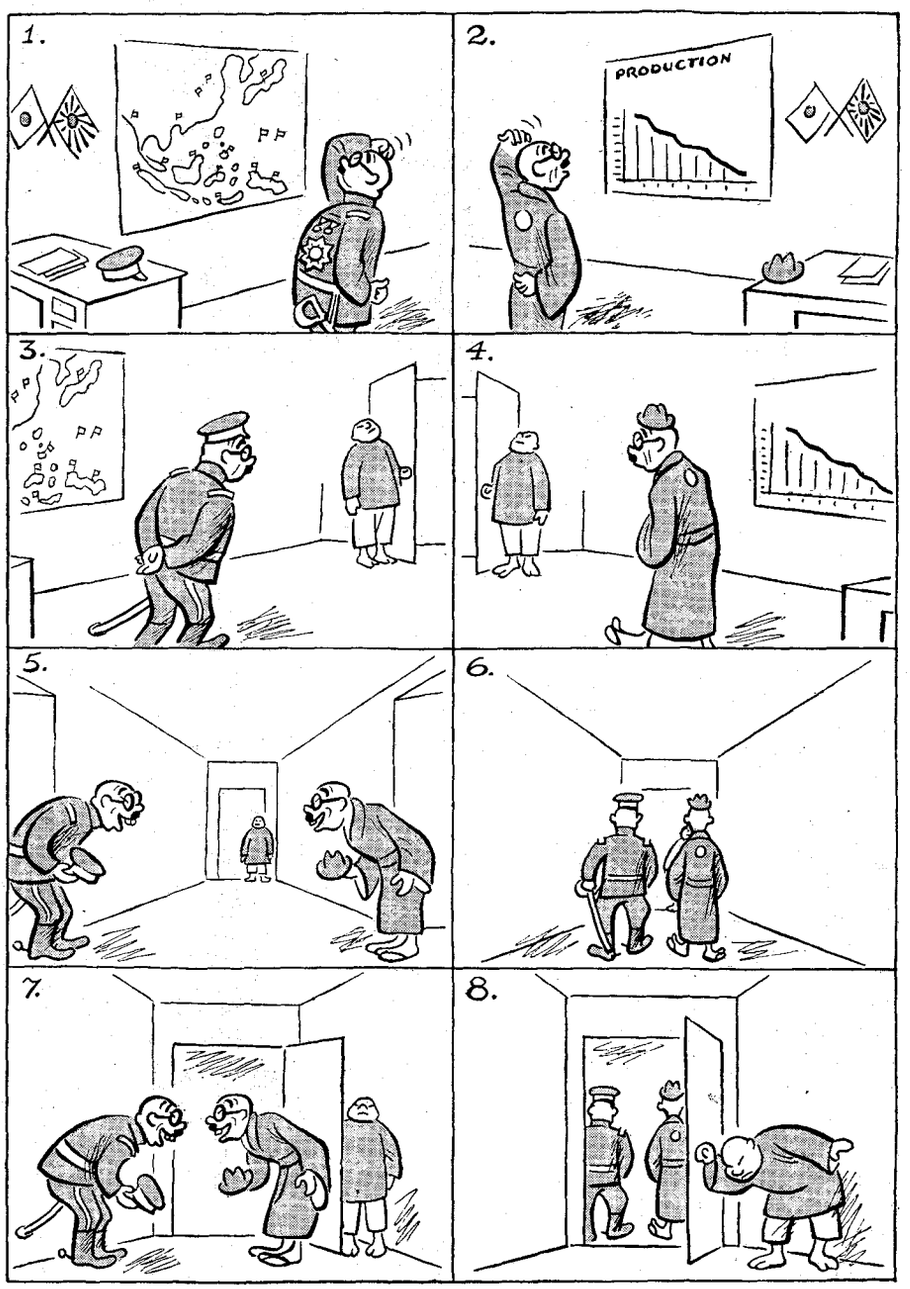
Commodore, the Hartford's big black cat, on her lap; she had given it the head of the eel. Mrs. Treppel was still in her market clothes. She wore a full-length coat-apron over her dress and she had on knee boots and a man's stiff straw hat; this is the uniform of the boss fishmonger. The hat was on the side of her head. Mrs. Treppel is stout, red-cheeked, and good-natured. Even so, as a day wears on, she becomes quite quarrelsome; she says she quarrels just to keep her liver regulated. "Quarrelling is the only exercise I take," she says. She is a widow in her sixties, and she is wealthy. She has money in a cooperage that builds boxes and barrels for the fish trade; she owns a share in a dragger, the Betty Parker, which runs out of Stonington, Connecticut; and she keeps a fresh-water stall on the Slip, dealing in carp, whitefish, and pike, the species that are used in gefüllte fish. Mr. Fass is known in the market as Ben the Knifeman. He is slight, edgy, and sad-eyed, a disappointed man, and he blames all his troubles on cellophane. He says that he was ruined by cellophane, and he sometimes startles people by muttering, "Whoever he is, wherever he is, God damn the man that invented cellophane!" He once was a salesman for a sausage-casings broker in Gansevoort Market, selling sheep intestines to manufacturers of frankfurters. He enjoyed this work. Ten years ago many manufacturers began using cellophane instead of intestines for casings, calling their product "skinless" frankfurters, and in 1937 Mr. Fass was laid off. He became an outside man for a Water Street fishing-boat supply house, which is owned by an uncle of his. Carrying samples in a suitcase, he goes aboard trawlers and draggers at the pier and sits down with the captains and takes orders for knives, honing steels, scalers, bait grinders, swordfish darts, fog bells, and similar hardware.

Mr. Fass and Mr. Flood are good friends, which is puzzling. Mr. Fass has no interest in boats, he dislikes the fish market, and he despises fish. He is outspoken about it; not long ago he lost one of his best customers by remarking that he would rather have one thin cut off a tough rib roast than all the fish God ever made. Mr. Flood, on the other hand, has an exceptionally high opinion of fish; he considers it an elixir, he calls himself a sea-foodetarian, and he believes that people would be much better off if they ate meat on Fridays and fish all the rest of the week. I have known Mr. Flood for nine years, but I found out only recently how he arrived at this conclusion. From 1885 until 1930, when he retired, the offices of his firm, the H. G. Flood Demolition & Salvage Co., Inc., were on Franklin Square, a couple of blocks from the fish market. In the winter of 1885, soon after moving there, he observed that there was a predominance of elderly and aged men among the fishmongers. "I began to step up to these men and inquire about their ages," he told me. "There were scores in their eighties and dozens in their nineties and spry old crocks that had hit a hundred weren't rare at all. One morning I saw a fist fight between two men in their nineties. They slapped each other from one end of the pier to the other, and it was better than many a fight I paid to see. Another morning I saw the fellows shaking hands with a man of eighty-seven and it turned out his wife had just had a baby boy. All these men were tough and happy and full of the old Adam, and all were big fish eaters, and I thought to myself, 'Flood, no doubt about it, you have hit on a secret.' " Since that winter he has seldom eaten anything but seafood.

WHEN I came into the room, Mr. Flood had just begun a song. He has a bullfrog bass, and he sang loudly and away off key. He had a highball in his left hand and a cigar in his right, and he kept time with the cigar as he sang:

Come, let us drink while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men—

I was quite sure that he would put in more "downs" than the song called for,



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and I counted them. There were eleven, and each was louder than the one before it:

> Down, down, down, down, down,
> down, down, down, down, down,
> Down among the dead men
> Let him lie!

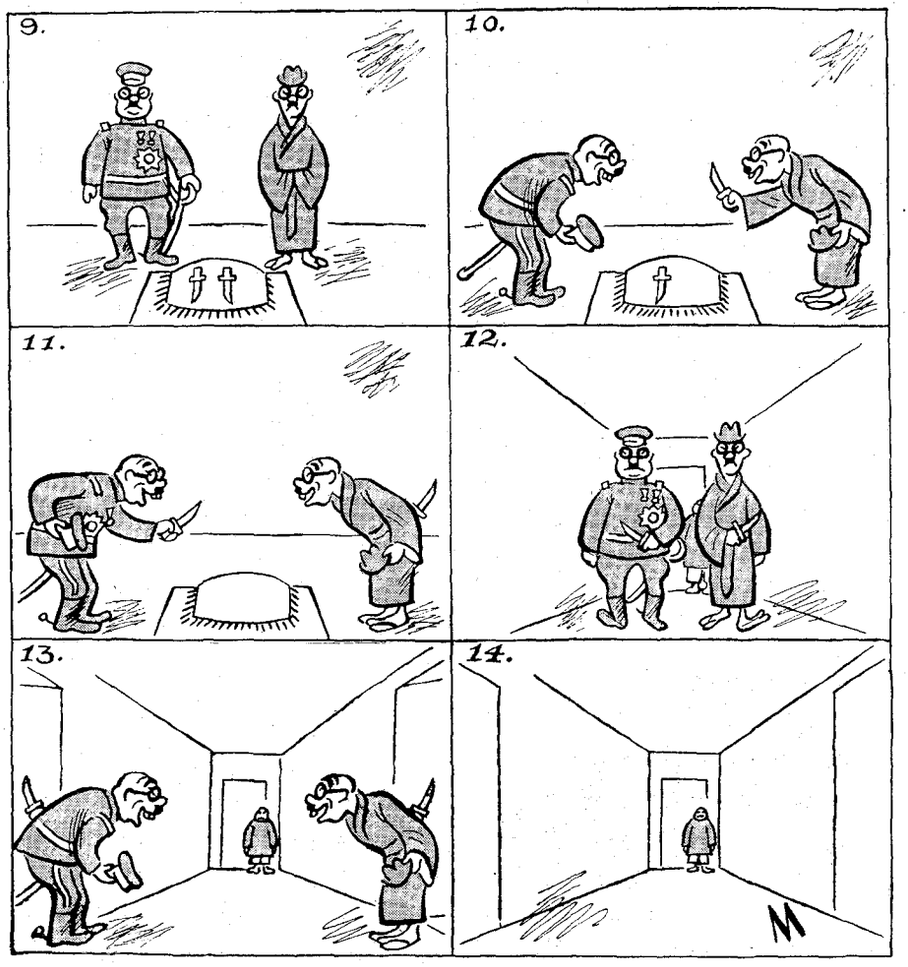
Mr. Flood's guests banged on the marble-top with their glasses, and he beamed. He was looking well. His friendly, villainous eyes were bright and his face was so tanned that the liver freckles on his cheeks didn't show; he carries a blanket down to the pier and lies in the sun an hour or two on good afternoons. He had on a white linen suit and there was a red rosebud in his lapel. Mr. Flood is small and thin and bony and jaunty; when James J. Walker gets along in years, he will undoubtedly look a lot like Mr. Flood. I tried to congratulate him on his birthday. He wouldn't let me. "Thanks, my boy," he said, "but it's too early for that. I just got started. Wait'll I hit a hundred." He turned to the stranger at the table. "This is Tom Bethea," he said. "Tom's an undertaker up in Chelsea, my old neighborhood. Tom's wife and my second wife were great friends. We belong to the same Baptist church, only he goes and I don't." Mr. Bethea was roly-poly, moon-faced, and bald. His eyes were remarkably distrustful. He wore a blue serge suit that was so tight it made me uncomfortable to look at him. He had a glass about a third full of straight whiskey in one hand. With the other, he was plucking mussels out of the crock and popping them into his mouth as if they were peanuts. He seemed offended by Mr. Flood's introduction. "I'm *not* an undertaker," he said. "I'm an embalmer. I've told you that time and time again, and I wish you'd get it straight."

"Whichever it is," said Mr. Flood. He turned to me and said, "Pull up a chair and fix yourself a drink. I got something I want to show you." He took a photograph out of his wallet and handed it to me. It was a photograph of a horse, an old white sway-backed horse. "Look at it and pass it around," he said. "I was going through some papers in my trunk the other day and came across it. Thought I'd lost it years ago. It's a snapshot of a horse named Sam. Sam was a highly unusual horse and I want to tell about him. He was owned by George Still, fellow that ran Still's Oyster and Chop House. Still's was on Third Avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth, middle of the block, east side of the avenue. It opened in the eighteen-fifties—1853, I think it was—and it closed in 1922 because of prohibition, and it was the finest oyster house the country ever had. It was a hangout for rich old goaty high-living men—Tammany bosses and the like of that. Some of them could taste an oyster and examine the shell and tell you what bed it came out of; I'm pretty good at that myself. And it got crowds of out-of-towners, especially people from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, and New Orleans, the big oyster-eating cities. Mr. Still handled a wider variety of oysters than any restaurant or hotel in the world, before or since. He had them out of dozens of beds. From New Jersey he had Shrewsburys and Maurice River Coves. From Rhode Island he had Narragansetts and Wickfords. From Massachusetts he had Cotuits and Buzzards Bays and Cape Cods. From Virginia—they were very fine—he had Chincoteagues and Lynnhavens and Pokomokes and Mobjacks and Horn Harbors and York Rivers and Hampton Bars and Rappahannocks. From Maryland he had Goose Creeks. From Delaware he had Bombay Hooks. From New York—the finest of all—he had Blue Points and Mattitucks and Saddle Rocks and Robbins Islands and Diamond Points and Fire Places and Montauks and Hog Necks and Millponds and Fire Island Salts and Rockaways and Shinnecocks. I love those good old oyster names. When I feel my age weighing me down, I recite them to myself and I feel better. Some of them don't exist any more. The beds were ruined. Cities grew up nearby and the water went bad. But there was a time when you could buy them all in Still's."

"Oh, God, Hughie," said Mrs. Treppel, "it *was* a wonderful place. I remember it well. It had a white marble bar for the half-shell trade, and there were barrels and barrels and barrels of oysters stood up behind this bar, and everything was nice and plain and solid—no piddling around, no music to frazzle your nerves, no French on the bill of fare; you got what you went for."

"I remember Still's, too," said Mr. Bethea. "Biggest lobster I ever saw, I saw it in there. Weighed thirty-four pounds. Took two men to hold it. It was a hen lobster. It wasn't much good—too coarse and stringy—but it was full of coral and tomalley and it scared the women and it was educational."

"That's right," said Mr. Flood. "That's the way it was." He poured himself a drink. "In addition to the



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restaurant," he continued, "Mr. Still did a wholesale oyster business in a triple-decked barge that was docked year in and year out at a pier at the foot of Pike Street, upriver from the fish market. The barge was his warehouse. In the old days all the wholesalers operated that way; they brought their stock in from the beds in schooners that'd come alongside the barges and unload. At the time I'm speaking of—in 1912—there were fourteen barges at Pike Street, all in a row and all painted as loud and bedizy and fancy-colored as possible, the same as gypsy wagons; that was the custom. George Still is dead, God rest him, but the business is there yet. His family runs it. It's one of the biggest shellfish concerns in the city, and it's right there in the old barge, head office and all—George M. Still, Incorporated, Planters of Diamond Point Oysters. Still's barge is the only one left, and it's a pretty one. It's painted green and yellow and it's got scrimshaw work all over the front of it.

"Back in 1912, Mr. Still delivered his oysters to hotels and restaurants and groceries with horse-drawn drays. He owned nine horses and he thought a lot of them. Every summer he gave them two weeks off on a farm he had in New Jersey. One of those horses was Sam. Sam was the oldest. In fact, he was twenty-two years old, and that's a ripe old advanced age for a horse. Sam was just about worn out. His head hung low, his eyes were sleepy and sad, and there wasn't hardly any life in him at all. If some horseflies lit on him, he didn't even have the energy to switch his tail and knock them off. He just poked along, making short hauls and waiting for the day to end. Mr. Still had made up his mind to retire Sam to New Jersey for good, but he was one of those that puts things off; tomorrow will do.

"Sam's driver was a man named Woodrow and he was attached to Sam. Sam was noted for his good disposition, but one morning in October, 1912, Woodrow went to put the harness on Sam and Sam kicked at him. It was the first time that ever happened. Next morning Sam was worse. Every single time Woodrow got near, Sam kicked. He was so old and awkward he always missed, but he kept on trying; he did his best. Every day that passed, Sam got more free and easy. He'd rear back in the shafts and snap the traces on his harness, and sometimes Woodrow would tell him to whoa and he'd keep right on going until he was good and ready to whoa. He got a mean look in his eye and he kept his head up and he walked faster and faster. He'd toss his head to and fro and dance along like a yearling. One day, all of a sudden, up on Sixth Avenue, he started running after a bay mare that was hauling a laundry wagon. It was all Woodrow could do to pull him up. And Sam kept on doing this. Every day or so he'd catch sight of a mare somewhere up ahead and he'd whinny and whicker and break into a fast trot and Woodrow would have to brace himself against the footboard and seesaw on the lines and curse and carry on to stop him. Sometimes a crowd would collect and cheer Sam on. Woodrow worried about Sam, and so did Mr. Still, but they didn't know what to do. They couldn't figure him out.

"One of the places that Woodrow and Sam made a daily delivery was a chop house on Maiden Lane. Sam would stand at the curb and Woodrow would shoulder a barrel of oysters off the dray and roll it in. The cashier of this chop house was an old lady and every morning she'd step out to the curb and pat Sam's nose and coo at him and give him sugar. She'd been doing it for years. She was one of those old ladies that just can't leave horses alone. One morning she came out, cooing, and she put her hand out to pat Sam and Sam bit her. He bit her on the hand and he bit her on the wrist and he bit her on the arm. She was all skint up. As you might expect, a great deal of screeching took place. They sent for a doctor, but that didn't quiet the old lady. According to Woodrow, she kept screeching she didn't want a doctor, she wanted a lawyer.

"Woodrow led Sam back to the barge and broke the news to Mr. Still that he had a damage action on his hands. Mr. Still called in a veterinarian to see could he find out what was to matter with Sam, what ailed the old fool. The veterinarian looked Sam over and he punched and he thumped and he put his head to Sam's belly and listened. He said he couldn't find anything wrong except extreme old age. Then he happened to look into Sam's feed bag, and what in hell and be damned was in there, mixed in with the oats, only some shucked oysters. They weren't little nubby oysters; they were great big Mattitucks. And what's more, Sam was eating them. He was eating them and enjoying them. The veterinarian stood there and he looked at Sam and he said, 'Well, I be good God damned!' This veterinarian said he'd run into some odd and unusual horses in his practice but that Sam was certainly the first horse he'd run into that'd eat oysters.

"Mr. Still called his help together and inquired did anybody know who put the oysters in Sam's feed bag. Finally one of the oyster shuckers confessed he did it. Said he just wanted to see what would happen. Said he'd been slipping them in for about a month. Said he'd go out on the pier, where Sam was hitched between hauls, and he'd make believe he was petting Sam, and he'd slip the oysters into Sam's feed bag. Said he started with one oyster a day and worked up to where he was giving him four and five dozen a day. Mr. Still was put out; at the same time, somehow, he was proud of Sam. He decided to fire the shucker and send Sam to hell and gone to New Jersey, but he changed his mind. What he did, he cut Sam down to one dozen oysters a day. That worked out all right. It wasn't too few, it wasn't too many. It was just enough to keep Sam brisk and frisky, but it wasn't enough to make him cut up and do ugly. People would come from all over the market just to see Sam get his one dozen oysters. Everything was just fine until Christmas Eve. You know how it is on Christmas Eve; people get high-spirited. And you can just imagine how high-spirited they get around an oyster barge on Christmas Eve. When it came time to feed Sam, the fellows got generous and gave him six or seven dozen oysters, compliments of the season. And that night Woodrow was driving Sam back to the stable and Sam caught sight of a mare about three blocks up and he took out after her and there was ice on the street and he slipped and broke a leg and God knows they hated to do it, but they had to shoot him."

A glint came into Mr. Bethea's eyes. "Hugh," he said, "I was just thinking. Suppose you took and fed a race horse on oysters! I bet you could make a lot of money that way."

Mr. Flood snickered. "Tom," he said, "there's a certain race horse on

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"Would Mr. O'Dwyer make a quiet mayor?"

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the New York tracks right now that's an oyster eater. He's owned by an oysterman here in the market, but the way I understand it, just to throw people off that might possibly get thoughts in their head, he's registered in the name of a distant cousin of this oysterman's wife. He's not much of a horse—no looks, no style; he only cost eleven hundred dollars—but he wins every race they want him to win. They don't let him win every race he runs; that'd look peculiar."

I watched Mr. Flood's face. It was impassive.

"They pick a day," he continued, "and two days in advance they start feeding him raw oysters or raw clams, according to season. They experimented and found he runs about as fast on clams as he does on oysters. They give him five dozen the first day, eight dozen the second day, and one dozen the morning of the race. He always comes through; you just get a bet down and think no more about it. I don't know how many are in on it. I do know that this oysterman and all his friends are rolling in money. They're up to their hips in money. He was nice enough to let me and Birdy in on it. Whenever the horse is ready to run an oyster-fed race, we get notified, and naturally we've picked up a dollar or two ourselves."

"Hugh Griffin Flood!" said Mrs. Treppel. "I'm shocked and surprised at you. You were told about that horse in the strictest confidence. It's a highly confidential matter, and you know you shouldn't talk about it. Suppose it gets out. They'll be stuffing all the race horses full of oysters, and then where'll we be?"

"I know, Birdy, I know," said Mr. Flood. "I'm sorry. Anyhow, I didn't tell the name of the horse."

"You keep your big mouth shut from now on," said Mrs. Treppel.

"Speaking of the old days," said Mr. Bethea, "it seems to me businessmen were different in the old days. They had the milk of human kindness in them. Like George Still. Like the way he gave his dray horses a vacation."

"It's the truth, Tom," said Mr. Flood. "They weren't always and eternally thinking of the almighty dollar."

"I was doing business in the old days," said Mrs. Treppel, "and that's something I never noticed."

"Oh, you always look on the dark side," said Mr. Flood.

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Treppel. "Take for example, were you acquainted with A. C. Lowry that they called the finnan-haddie king?"

"I was," said Mr. Flood. "Old Gus Lowry." He nodded his head. "Gus was a fine man," he said, "a fine man."

"He was like hell," said Mrs. Treppel. "He was the meanest man ever did business in this market. He was the lowest of the low."

"He was," said Mr. Flood, reversing his judgment without batting an eye. "He was indeed."

"What form did his meanness take?" asked Mr. Bethea.

"I couldn't begin to tell you," said Mrs. Treppel. "Gus was real sharp. In fact, he was downright crooked. He was stingy. He believed everybody was stealing from him. He treated his help in such a way they didn't know if they were going or coming. And he grumbled about this and he complained about that from morning to night; everything he et disagreed with him. I worked for him once—he had a fresh-water branch on the Slip around 1916 and I had charge of it. I worked for him a year and a half and I've never been the same; when I took that job I was just a girl and when I gave it up I was an old, old woman. Gus was into everything. He did a general salt-water business. He owned a trawler. He handled Staten Island oysters and guaranteed

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they came from Norfolk, Virginia. And he had the biggest smoking loft in the market—eels, haddies, kippers, and bloaters. He was an old bachelor. He had a nephew keeping books for him, Charlie Titus, his sister's son, and everybody was sorry for Charlie. It was understood that Charlie was to inherit the business, and God knows it was a good sound business, but the beating he took, we wondered if it was worth it. Charlie was real polite, Uncle this and Uncle that, but it didn't do no good. Three or four times a year, at least, Gus would get it in his head that Charlie was falsifying the books. He'd see something in Charlie's figures that didn't look just right and it'd make him happy. 'I've caught you now!' he'd say. 'I've caught you now!' Then he'd grab the telephone and call in a firm of certified public accountants. Those damned C.P.A.s were in and out of the office all the time. They'd go over Charlie's books and they'd try their best, but they couldn't ever find anything wrong, and it'd make Gus so mad he'd put his head down on the desk and cry. 'You low-down thief,' he'd say to Charlie, 'you're stealing from me, and I know you are. You got some secret way of doing it. My own flesh and blood, and you're stealing every cent I got.' Charlie would say, 'Now, Uncle Gus, that's not so,' and Gus would say, 'Shut up!' And Charlie would shut up. Whereas, if he'd got a gun and shot Gus, everybody in the market would've swore he did it in self-defense. I remember one morning Gus was having his coffee at the round table in Sweet's, and there was a crowd of us sitting there, four or five fishmongers and some of the shellfish gang, and Charlie came running up the stairs and asked Gus a question about a bill of lading, and Gus hauled off and shied a plate at him. 'Get out of here, you embezzler!' he said. 'When I want you,' he said, 'I'll send for you.' Right before everybody.

"Another thing about Gus, he tried to look poor. He tried to look like he didn't have a dime to his name. There's an old notion in Fulton Market: if you want to know a fishmonger's financial standing, don't bother Dun & Bradstreet, just look at him—if he looks like he's been rolling around in some gutter, his credit is good; if he's all dolled up, stay away from him. Gus Lowry carried that to an extreme. As soon as he got to his office in the morning, he'd hang his good suit in a locker and he'd put on a greasy old raggedy suit that was out at the elbow and patched in the seat and a coupla sizes too small for him to begin with, and he used a piece of rope he'd picked up somewhere for a belt, and he'd put on a pair of knee boots that always had fish scales sticking to them, and he'd slap on a hat that was so dirty you wouldn't carry bait in it. He wouldn't wear a necktie; some days he wouldn't even wear a shirt. He'd light a cigar, one of those cheap Italian cigars that they call rattails. He'd spit on the floor. Then he'd sit down at his desk, looking like something the cat dragged in, the King of the Bums, and he'd be ready for business.

"And if you had to do business with him, you just took it for granted you'd be skinned. He'd skin you alive and then he'd shake your hand and inquire about your family. Up on his office wall he had this sign, 'KEEP SMILING,' but *he* never smiled. And he had poems about mother stuck up there and friendship and only God can make a tree and let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man. He'd recite you one of those poems—you couldn't stop him—and he'd begin to cry. Gus liked to cry. He really enjoyed it. Next to doing something mean to somebody, he liked to cry. I went in his office many a time and found him sitting there with tears in his eyes. People said it was second childhood, but when it come to a dollar he wasn't in his second childhood. The strangest thing, when he was close to eighty he started seeing a woman and everybody hoped and prayed she'd get him into a lot of trouble. She lived in a hotel on Lexington Avenue. She was an old busted-down actress of some kind, a singer. She'd sing and he'd cry; that was his idea of a high old time. He took me up there with him once to call on her. He wanted me to look her over and tell him what I thought of her, about like he'd ask my opinion on a consignment of jack shad. We hadn't hardly got in the door before she commenced to bang on the piano and sing. Oh, she was a noisy one. Gus asked her to sing 'I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen,' and by the time she got to 'the ocean wild and wide' he was crying. He hung around her a year or more and then he quit. I guess maybe the poor old thing tried to borrow a dollar and seventy-five cents off him and it broke his heart.

"The summer of 1921, Gus took a trip to Havana, Cuba, doctor's orders, and one morning there came a cable he was dead. Bright's disease. As soon as the news got out it put everybody in a good humor. Some tried to act like they were sorry, but they couldn't keep a straight face, and pretty soon the fellows all over the market were slapping each other on the back and laughing and old Mr. Unger that kept the stall next to mine shouted out, 'Hooray for the Bright's disease!' Everybody was so glad for Charlie. Captain Oscar Doxsee had worked for Gus off and on for thirty years—he was captain of Gus's trawler—and I remember what he said when they told him Gus was dead. 'God is good,' he said. It was prohibition, but little Archie Ennis the scallop dealer had

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a quart of whiskey in his safe, bourbon, and he got it out and him and I and Captain Oscar and several others went over to Charlie's office to congratulate him. We figured a little celebration was in order. Well, what do you know? Charlie was sitting in there with his head in his hands. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said to us, 'this is the saddest day of my life.' *Oh, oh, oh*, we were disgusted! I've seen many and many a disgusting thing in my time, but that took the prize. 'Young man,' I thought to myself, 'the opinion your uncle had of you, he was right.' "

Mr. Bethea grunted. "Blood is thicker than water," he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Treppel, "I guess that's one way of looking at it."

MR. CUSACK came shuffling into the room. He'd finally made it.

"Well, look who's here," said Mrs. Treppel. "Old Drop-Dead Matty himself. Hello, Matty. Didn't you drop dead yet?"

Mr. Cusack disregarded her. "Happy birthday, Hugh," he said.

"Why, thank you, Matty," said Mr. Flood. "Matty, this is Tom Bethea. Tom's an embalmer."

"A what?" asked Mr. Cusack.

"I'm an embalmer," said Mr. Bethea. "I'm a trade embalmer."

Mr. Cusack stared at Mr. Bethea for a few moments. "How do you do, sir?" he said respectfully.

"Pleased to meet you," s
Bethea. "I've heard Hugh s
Sing us a song."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. C
in a singing mood."

"It was good of you to
said Mr. Flood.

"Yes, it was," said M
guess this is the last time I
I can't stand those stairs
had some bad news. I was
for a checkup last Thur
way he diagnosed it, my
better but I got the hig
sure."

"I got the high blood pressure, too," said Mr. Fass.

"I got it, too," said Mr. Bethea. "Had it for years."

Mrs. Treppel began to sing a children's street song, a skipping song—"Oh, I hurt, I hurt, I hurt all over. I got a toothache, a gum boil, a bellyache, a pain in my right side, a pain in my left side, a pimple on my nose."

"Shut up, Birdy," said Mr. Flood. "Come over here, Matty, and sit down. What can I get you?"

"You can get me a glass of cold water," said Mr. Cusack. "I asked the doctor what about whiskey and he said it was the better part of wisdom to leave it alone. I haven't had a drink for six days. All I drink is water."

"If you was to drink a glass of water, Matty," said Mrs. Treppel, "it'd be weeks and weeks before your stomach got over the shock."

"Now look here, Birdy," Mr. Flood said, "don't talk to Matty that way. I won't have it. The high blood pressure is a serious matter." He got up from his wicker rocking chair. "Here, Matty," he said, "take this chair. How do you feel tonight? Do you feel any worse than usual?"

"I feel irritable," said Mr. Cusack. He slapped the pillow in the chair a time or two and sat down. "It makes me irritable to see people drinking and enjoying themselves," he said. "If I can't drink it, I don't want *nobody* to drink it. I wish they'd bring prohibition back and enforce the living hell out of it. I got so I don't approve of whiskey."

Mr. Flood fixed himself a drink—half Scotch, half water, no ice—and went over and stood with an elbow on the mantelpiece. "I'm the same," he
e it and I depend on it, but
ove of it. When I think of
le it's caused me, I feel like
ick some distillery at ran-
ie it for sixty-five million
and all, there've been times
been for whiskey, I don't
would've become of me. It
et drunk or throw the rope
er. I've thought a lot about
ver the years and I've come
usion there's two ways of
hiskey—it gives and it takes
you up and it knocks you
ts and it heals, it kills and
—but whichever way you look at it, I'm glad I'm not the man that invented it. That's one thing I wouldn't want on my soul." He suddenly snapped his fingers. "He's the one!" he said. "I was lying in bed the other night, couldn't go to sleep, and I got to thinking about death and sin and hell and God, the way you do, and a question occurred to me, 'I wonder what man committed the biggest, ugliest sin in the entire history of the human race.' The man that invented whiskey, *he's* the one. When you stop and think of the mess and the monkey business and the fractured skulls and the commotion and the calamity and the stomach distress and the wife beating and the poor little children without any shoes and the howling and the hell raising *he's* been responsible for down through the centuries—why, good God A'mighty! Whoever he was, they've probably got him put away in a special brimstone pit, the deepest, red-hottest pit in hell, the one the preachers tell about, the one without any bottom." He took a long drink. "And then again," he continued, "just as likely, he might've gone to heaven."

"The man that invented cellophane," said Mr. Fass. "*He's* the one."

Mr. Cusack hadn't paid any attention to Mr. Flood's remarks. "I got to be careful what I eat, too," he said.

"Matty," said Mrs. Treppel, "please take a drink and cheer up. You keep on, you're going to wish yourself right into the grave."

"Leave me alone," said Mr. Cusack. He glanced at his wristwatch, and then he peered into every corner of the room. "Where's your radio, Hugh?" he asked. "There's a program coming on in five minutes I don't want to miss."

"I got no radio," said Mr. Flood.

Mr. Cusack looked disappointed. "You should get one," he said. "It'd do you a world of good. It'd be a comfort to you."

"It wouldn't be no comfort to me," said Mr. Flood. "I despise the radio. I cannot endure it. If I listen to a radio for fifteen minutes, it turns my stomach. Son," he said to me, "you sit on the bed and let me have your chair. I'll open some sea urchins and we'll have a snack."

He got out a fish knife, a gut blade, he carries in a holster and began preparing the sea urchins. He had two or three dozen. Urchins are green marine animals, about the size and shape of a man's clenched fist. They are echinoderms; they are thickly covered with bristly prickles. They are gathered by pitchfork close to shore on the southern Maine coast and shipped in discarded orange crates. Fulton Market handles two hundred thousand pounds a summer, but they are rarely seen in restaurants. They are eaten in the home by Italians and Chinese; Italians call them *rizzi*, or sea eggs. Mr. Flood cut the tops off ten. He had trouble knifing through the leathery rinds and he muttered to himself as he worked. "Sorry

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damned knife," he muttered. "Stainless steel. They don't care if it's sharp or not, just so it's stainless, as if anybody gave a hoot about stains on a knife blade. I wish they'd leave knives alone, quit improving them. Look at it. Shiny. Stainless. Plastic handle. Only one thing wrong with it. It won't cut." Each urchin had a pocket of red roe, from two to five tablespoonfuls. Mr. Flood spooned the roe out and spread it on slices of bread. Urchins are inexpensive, around fifty cents a dozen, but in Mr. Flood's opinion their roe is superior to caviar, even the finest unsalted beluga. He sprinkled lemon juice on the roe. Then he fixed six plates. On each he placed three open-faced roe sandwiches, a slice of eel, a herring, and a mound of pickled mussels. Mr. Fass refused his plate. "Drinking makes me hungry," he said, "but it don't make me that hungry."

ALL the time Mr. Flood had been preparing the urchins, Mr. Cusack had been staring at Mr. Bethea. Finally he spoke up. "I hope you won't think I'm prying into your affairs, Mr. Bethea," he said, "but there's two questions I'd like to ask you."

Mr. Bethea stopped eating for a moment. "It'll be a privilege to answer them, Mr. Cusack," he said, "if they ain't too personal."

"What I was wondering about is your line of work," Mr. Cusack said. "How in the world does a man ever come to take up that particular line of work?"

"Well, I tell you," said Mr. Bethea, "most of the embalmers of my generation started out as something else. Some were barbers and some were carpenters. I was a carpenter myself, a carpenter and cabinetmaker, and back in 1908 I took a job with Cantrell Brothers & Bishop, on Little West Twelfth Street. That was a coffin factory —what *we* call a casket factory. I built high-quality caskets for a year and a half, and you know how it is—an up-and-coming young man, you want to make something out of yourself. Every casket factory has a staff of embalmers, and I watched our staff work and I asked questions and naturally I was handy with tools and the upshot was, I became an embalmer. I'm a trade embalmer, a free lance. We're the aristocrats of the trade—that is, the profession. All the overhead we have is a telephone. There's a multitude of undertaking parlors, little neighborhood affairs, that don't get enough cases to employ a steady embalmer. They just have a parlor with a desk and a pot of palms and a statue of an angel and a casket catalogue. Oh, some will have a sample casket or two on the premises. And there's seven or eight of these parlors, when they get a case, they telephone me. Wherever I go, I have to leave a number where I can be reached. And I get on the subway and I go and attend to the case and I collect my seventeen dollars—we got a union and that's the union rate—and I go on home. That's the end of the matter. I don't have to fuss with the bereaved, the loved ones. Of course, these days, like everybody else, embalmers go to college. I went to college myself some years back, just to brush up on the latest scientific advances. There's two big colleges, the American Academy of Embalming and Mortuary Research on Lexington Avenue and the New York School of Embalming and Restorative Art on Fourth Avenue. They're the Harvard and the Yale of the embalming world. The past few years women have been flocking into the profession. You take the American Academy—a third of their students are women. I don't know. I may be old-timey, but the way I look at it, I just wouldn't have no confidence in a lady embalmer."

"If she puts her mind to it and works hard," said Mrs. Treppel, "I bet a woman can embalm as good as a man."

"Present company ex-ted," said Mr. Bethea. didn't mean to be rude." took the Scotch bottle the neck and poured a gollop in his glass. "I'm disappointed man, Mr. sack," he continued. "If ad it to do all over again, don't know as I'd choose balming as my life's rk. You don't get the spect that's due you. A doctor gets respect, a dentist gets respect, a veterinarian gets respect, but the average man, if he's introduced to an embalmer, he giggles or he shudders, one or the other. Some of my brother embalmers don't like to tell their profession to strangers. They're close-mouthed. They keep to themselves. Not me. Deep down inside, I'm proud of my profession. I carry a kit, a satchel, my profession-

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al satchel, and it's always been my dream to have my name printed on it. I can just see it—'THOMAS FOSTER BETHEA, LICENSED EMBALMER.' But I can't do it. If I got on the subway, the people would edge away. I'd have the whole car to myself. The public don't like to be reminded of death. It's going on all around them—like the fellow said, it looks like it's here to stay but they want to keep it hid. [illegible] to work like a thief in th[illegible] say there's not a one o[illegible] seen a deceased move[illegible] York apartment house [illegible] and you never will. He smiled. "Oh, well [illegible] matter how the public [illegible] balmers, in the end som[illegible] them all."

"You needn't be so happy about it," said Mr. Flood. "In the end, some embalmer's going to get you, too."

"That's the truth," said Mr. Bethea. He sighed. "It's a peculiar thing. I'm a veteran in my line. If you took all the deceased I've attended to and stood them shoulder to shoulder, they'd make a picket fence from here to Pittsburgh, both sides of the road. With all that in back of me, you'd think I wouldn't mind death. Oh, but I do! Every time I think about it in connection with myself, I tremble all over. What was that other question you wanted to ask, Mr. Cusack?"

"I wanted to ask, do you believe in a reward beyond the grave," said Mr. Cusack. "By that, I mean heaven or hell."

"No, sir," said Mr. Bethea, "I can't say I do."

"Well, then," said Mr. Flood, "what makes you go to church so steady? You're there every Sunday in the year, Sunday school *and* sermon."

"Hugh," said Mr. Bethea, "it don't pay to be too cocksure."

THE turn of the conversation made me restless and I went over and sat on the window sill, with my plate in my lap, and looked out over the rooftops of the market. It was a full-moon night. There was a wind from the harbor and it blew the smell of the market into the room. The Fulton Market smell is complicated, a symphony of smells, and it is heady and pleasant to those who love the sea. I tried to dissect it. I could distinguish the reek of the ancient fish-and-oyster houses, and the exhalations of the harbor. And I could distinguish the resinous smoke from the stacks of the lofts in which finnan haddies are cured (the

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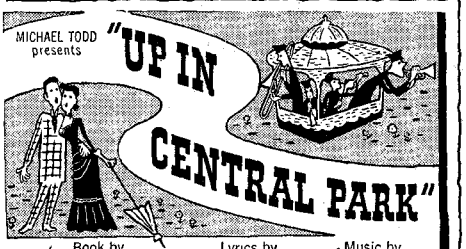
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HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
46 ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Air-cond. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
FRANK FAY in
"HARVEY"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

furnaces of these lofts burn pine and cedar sawdust), and the acrid smoke from the stacks of the row of coffee-roasting plants on Front Street, and the pungent smoke from the stack of the Purity Spice Mill on Dover Street. And mixed with these was the smell of The Swamp, the tannery district, which adjoins the market on the nort' Mr. Cusack came over and took a look out the window. He returned immediately to his chair.

"I'm thankful to God I'm not an officer walking the streets tonight," he said.

"Why's that, Matty?" asked Mr. Flood.

"It's a full-moon night," said Mr. Cusack. "There'll be peculiar things happening all over town. It's well known in the Police Department that a full-moon night stirs up trouble. It stirs up people's blood and brings out all the meanness and craziness in them, and it creates all manner of problems for policemen. A man or woman who's ordinarily twenty-five per cent batty, when the moon is full they're one hundred per cent batty. A full moon has a pull to it. Look at the tide; the tide is highest on a full moon. The moon pulls people this way and that way. With some, it's a feeble pull; they don't hardly notice it. Others just can't resist; they don't know what's got hold of them. They act peculiar. They act like bashi-bazouks. They pick on their wives and they get drunk and they insult people twice their size and they do their best to get into serious trouble. They look at black and say it's white, and if you don't agree it's white they hit you on the head. In the Department, we call such people full-mooners. It's been my experience that they're particularly numerous among the Irish and the Scandinavians and the people who come up here from the South. On a full-moon night the saloons are like magnets. The full-mooners try to walk past them and they get drawn right in."

"That explains a lot to me," said Mr. Flood. "I must be a full-mooner. I've started home many a night with no intention in the world of stopping off. It was the last thing in my mind. And four A.M. would come, and there I'd be, holding on to some bar, and I wouldn't half know how I got there."

"Exactly," said Mr. Cusack. "Some full-mooners get drunk and some get delusions. The Department is well aware of this. There's a glassed-in booth down in the lobby of Headquarters, the information booth. They have a calendar hanging in there, and they always have a red circle drawn around the date of the full moon. That's to remind the officer on duty what's ahead of him. I had an accident when I was in the Department, broke my leg, and I was a year and a half convalescing, and most of that time they had me on night duty in the information booth. And every full-moon night, I had visitors from all over. The full-mooners'd come trooping in. They'd step up and ask to see the Commissioner; nobody else would do. There was one who always came at midnight; he never missed. He'd ask for the Commissioner and I'd say, 'Lean over, sir, and whisper it to me. You can trust me.' And he'd lean over and whisper, 'They're after me!' And I'd get out my pad and pencil and ask for the details. And he'd talk on and on and on, and I'd take it all down. And I'd tell him, 'Rest assured the proper steps'll be taken.' That'd satisfy him. He'd go away and I'd tear up whatever it was I took down and throw it in the wastebasket. Next full moon, he'd be back again." Mr. Cusack laughed. "Mr. Bethea," he said, "I recall one case that might be of considerable interest to a man in your line."

"What was that?" asked Mr. Bethea.

"It happened in 1932, the year before I retired from the Department," said Mr. Cusack. "At that time I was attached to the First Precinct. One morning around four A.M. I was patrolling on South Street, proceeding east, and a radio car pulled up and the driver-officer informed me they were looking for two lads that stole an empty hearse. It seems this big black hearse had been parked in front of a garage on Third Avenue in the Sixties, the Nineteenth Precinct. The lads stole it and proceeded south on Third. Just ahead of them was a *Daily News* truck, delivering bundles of *Daily Newses* to newsstands. You know the way they operate; they pull up to a corner where there's a stand and heave a bundle out on the sidewalk. At that hour a good many stands haven't opened, and the bundle lies there until the man that runs the stand comes to work. The lads in the hearse conceived the idea of collecting these bundles. The hearse would pull up and one lad would leap out, grab a bundle, and heave it in the hearse.

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They went from stand to stand, doing this. Headquarters was soon getting calls from all over, people that saw them, and it was put on the police radio. The hearse was last seen on lower Broadway, heading for the Battery. I told the driver-officer I hadn't observed no hearse, but I got on the running board and went along to help search the South Street docks. We hadn't gone three blocks before we ran into them. They had the hearse backed up to the river, right beside the Porto Rico Line dock, and they were heaving the bundles of *Daily Newses* in the water."

"That was the right place for them," said Mr. Flood.

At this moment, Mr. Trein, the manager of the Hartford, began to shout up the stair well. "Is Mr. T. F. Bethea up there?" he shouted.

Mr. Bethea went to the door. "That's me," he said.

"You're wanted on the telephone," said Mr. Trein.

"I'll be right down," said Mr. Bethea. Then he turned to Mr. Cusack. "Please go right ahead, Mr. Cusack," he said. "They'll hold on."

"I jumped off the running board of the radio car," continued Mr. Cusack, "and began to interrogate the lads. 'What are you lads doing?' I asked. One of them, the littlest, heaved another bundle in the drink, and he said to me, 'We're having some fun. What's it to you?' I asked them didn't they like newspapers, and they said they liked them all right. So I asked them what in hell was they heaving them bundles in the water for. They said they be damned if they knew. I asked was they drunk, and they said they wasn't. Maybe a beer or two. I asked was they narcotic addicts, and they said they wasn't. So I turned to the driver-officer, and I said, 'It looks to me they're Reds, or I.W.W.s, or Black Hands. All those radicals,' I said, 'are opposed to newspapers, the free press, and all like that.' And the driver-officer said to me, 'You sure are a thick one.' He jerked his thumb upwards, and I looked up and there was a full moon up there. It was as round as a basketball, and it was so full it was brimming over. It was very embarrassing. I just wasn't thinking. I should've known all along that those lads were full-mooners."

—Joseph Mitchell

•

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[*Headline in the Detroit Free Press*]

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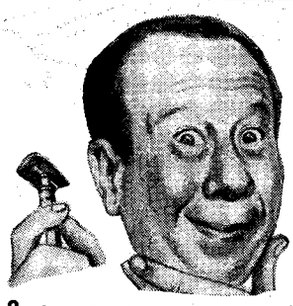

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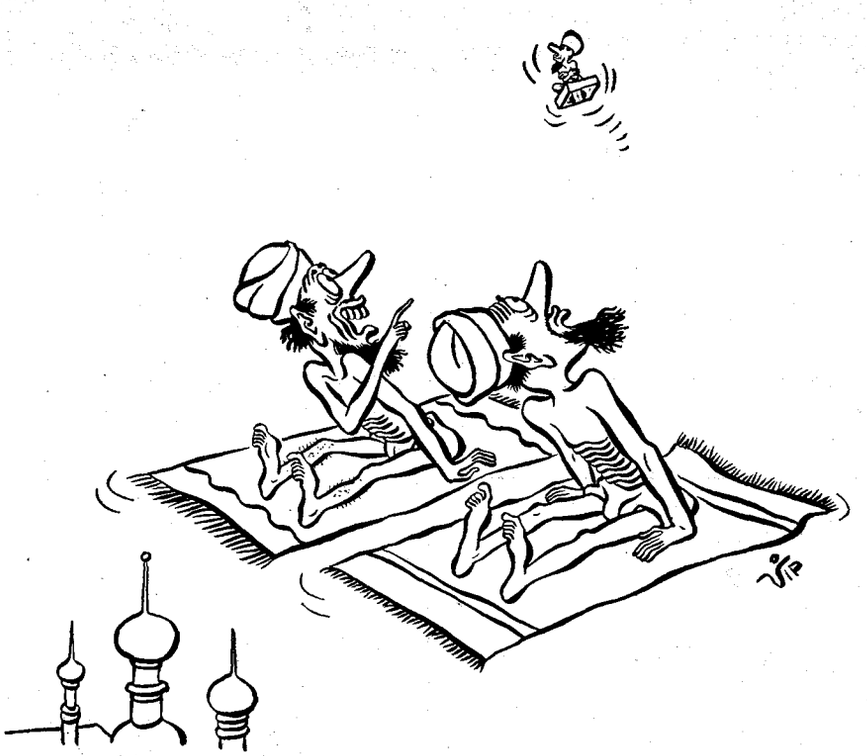

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Tokio government evidently thinks that our surrender-or-else ultimatum is just a joke. After what cannot have been very careful consideration, the Japanese have plumped for "else."

•

It must be admitted that Stalin is a steady worker at his job. Unlike some fellows, he never even knocks off to listen to election returns.

•

The disaster at the Empire State Building gave us a preview of what is more than likely to happen here in the next war. It's just the sort of thing the Nazis were dreaming about before we woke them up.

•

Henry Morgenthau's signature, statistics reveal, was affixed to more than a trillion dollars' worth of paper money and bonds during his term of office. Although his autograph has no scarcity value, it appears to be highly prized by collectors.

•

Mussolini's widow has told an interviewer that she wishes her husband had emigrated to America, as he once talked of doing. The chances are, though, that Italy's loss would not have been our gain.

•

It is obvious that Earl Browder has completely lost control of the American Communist movement. After taking a hammer to his policies, the comrades gave their old leader the sickle.

•

The O.P.A. announces that Ration Book No. 5 will be ready for distribution in December. The enormous popularity of the earlier works in this series proves that you don't have to get up fancy-looking volumes if there is something really worthwhile between the covers.

•

Editorial writers are highly interested in a survey showing that, during the recent disappearance of the city's newspapers, the customers missed the editorials almost as much as they did the comics. Considering the way the public acts at elections, these gentlemen can be pardoned for having wondered whether anybody cared.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 27 (BY CABLE)

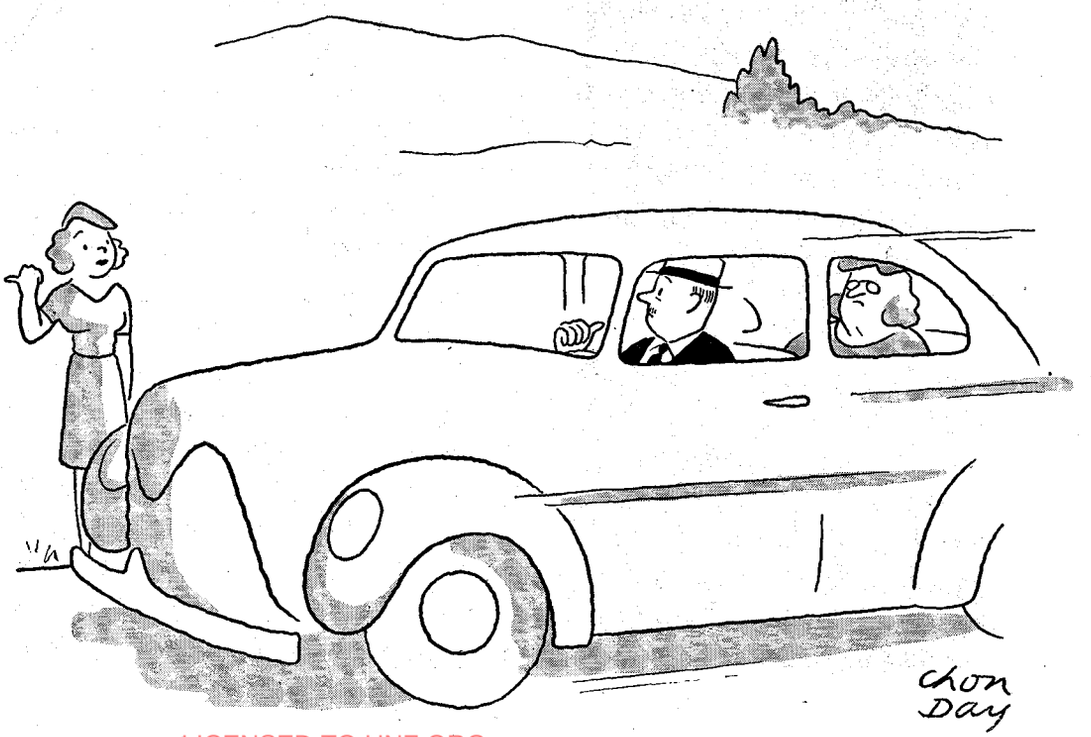
MR. CHURCHILL'S National Government came to an end yesterday not with a whimper but with a bang. Perhaps the loudness of the explosion after these ten pent-up years startled even those who had set it off. The Labour Party headquarters had naturally been optimistic, but the general betting had been on a small Conservative majority. What no one had expected, apparently, was the routing of the Conservative Party on such an overwhelming scale. The counting day was a queer, sultry, stormy one, with sudden, warm rain spurting down and washing the chalked "Election Sensation" off the news-sellers' boards and soaking the papers that people stopped to read in the street, some of them peering incredulously over the shoulders of others. It was a quiet day, too. People did not seem elated, even those who had cause to be. They read their papers and walked soberly on. The people who had won this enormous victory went on with their jobs of selling fish, punching tickets, standing in queues, or driving taxis as calmly as though they did not know what was happening. If this was a revolution, it was the best-controlled one in history.

The Tories had little to say. The first couple of hours, as the results came in over the ticker tapes—a monotonous string of "Lab" gains with not a single "C," for Conservative, among them—were surprising but not disastrous. It was not until lunchtime, when the crumble had obviously become a landslide, that gloom began to pile up around the tickers in the West End clubs and the big hotels. Few Tories who watched the now plainly threatening figures crowding in had much to offer beyond a long, low, despairing whistle. The favorite consolation, as the figures still marched, seemed to be the dubious one that Labour would undoubtedly make a mess of it. This was before it became quite clear that Labour was in with a strength which ruled out the possibility that, in the event of a big enough mess, the Party might be thrown out next year. The list of Ministerial victims lengthened as in a purge. Brendan Bracken's defeat was not unexpected, and not unpopular, either, for even some Tories had never shared the Prime Minister's liking for him. What was unexpected was the polling of 10,500 votes by Mr. Churchill's Independent opponent, a farmer named Hancock, in what had been thought would be a walkover for the Prime Minister. The tide of Labour washed away a part of Anthony Eden's former enormous majority but left him still comfortably high and dry at Westminster. The prestige of the famous plan could not save the Liberal Sir William Beveridge, who went out, together with Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal Party chief. Another of the surprises of the election was the smallness of the Liberal gains. The Liberals had been expected to do well, but they too went down before the Socialist rush. Common Wealth, the ersatz Socialism that took uneasy root in the discontented period before the Second Front, was also torn up by the flood.

The dilemma of the Beaverbrook *Evening Standard* and the Rothermere *Evening News*, which had to dish up the unpalatable facts in large type, was very evident. Both wriggled uncomfortably in their editorials. The *Standard* spoke of "the perhaps natural desire on the part of the people not so much for a change of government as one of parties and personalities" and eased its feelings by featuring a photograph of Max Aitken, Beaverbrook's son, who got in for the Conservatives at Holborn. The *News* observed that No. 10 would be a big change for Mrs. Attlee after "their modest villa at Stanmore," where, something like Mrs. Truman, she was doing the housework and looking after the hens. But the opposition press comment all sounded thin and fatuous beside the overpowering testimony of the figures in the adjoining columns.

One of the extraordinary features of that queer, dramatic, dreamlike day was the almost complete absence of talk about the loss of Churchill. His name was heard surprisingly seldom; instead of one man, the National Government had suddenly become a party. When the whole house goes, the central beam is only part of the general disaster. What happened yesterday was a demonstration not of the British people's ingratitude to Churchill but of their lack of faith in the weathertightness of the house he carried. Their memories stretched back to Munich and they did not care for what they remembered. The Tories had made great capital out of the terrific welcome Churchill had got on his election tours round the country, but it is now obvious that the crowds who cheered him cheered him as war leader, and did it wholeheartedly, just as wholeheartedly voted against him a few days later as party man. Many of his supporters say frankly that they wish he had decided to retire in his hour of triumph, after V-E Day. People who are not his supporters think that their best weapons in the election, and his own worst enemies, were his friends.

THE evening of the counting day, the Labourites gave themselves up to jubilation at Central Hall, in Westminster. The number of people who would have liked to be there would have overflowed the vast Albert Hall, which the Party had tried to take for the occasion. The unlucky ones who could not



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get into the relatively modest-sized Central Hall milled about in the street and watched the ticket-holders arrive while waiting for Clement Attlee and the other Labour leaders to turn up. Around the corner, in Whitehall, a small crowd waited hopefully and in silence for a possible glimpse of Mr. Churchill. Inside Central Hall, the winners poured up the double staircase, laughing and chatting in a holiday mood. Many were wearing red-and-yellow Labour Party cockades and others had got out red-and-blue favors left over from V-E Day and pinned them on their coats. Women wore red carnations and knots of geraniums; young girls had scarlet jackets or hair bows. It was like an enormous party, quite a contrast to the grim and bitter atmosphere of the election meetings. From the platform, on which newsreel lights were already trained and where cameramen waited by the dozen, a cheerful, perspiring gentleman in a white jacket warmed up the audience, as it settled itself, with a little community singing, accompanied on the organ. The crowd sang "Swanee River" and "Clementine" and finally Blake's "Jerusalem." Above the platform hung an enormous map of the London constituencies, festooned in Party colors, and on it were the words "Well Done, Electors of London" and the information that, out of London's total poll of 1,351,958 votes, Labour had done its Jerusalem building to the tune of 770,715.

After everybody had settled down, the Labour Party's London organizer, Hinley Atkinson, opened the proceedings by introducing all the new London Members, two of them women. Each one was given two minutes at the microphone and was relentlessly gonged out by Atkinson if he overstepped his limit. The biggest hand and the brightest battery of flashlights were given to Sir F. N. Mason MacFarlane, tall, stooping, and limping, who had trounced Bracken handsomely at North Paddington. After an interval of duets by a couple of baritones, Harold Laski, the chairman of the Labour Party National Executive Council, was greeted with a pandemonium of cheers and laughter when he described himself as "the temporary head of the Socialist Gestapo." He went on to say that his Party's extraordinary triumph was the country's best guarantee of good relations with the Soviet Union, of help for the Spanish comrades, and of no help at all "to detain monarchs" who were unwanted in other European states. This last statement was received with tre-

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mendous approval by the audience, some of whom—a paradox that might puzzle foreign observers—had been yelling their lungs out outside Buckingham Palace only a couple of months back. The crowd also nearly raised the roof in the cheers for Churchill proposed by Laski, who was now in a position in which he could afford to turn the other cheek.

Soon afterward the Labour leaders filed in with their wives—Bevin, huge and benevolently grinning; Morrison, with his cockatoo crest of hair wilder than ever; and finally the new Prime Minister, Clement Attlee. For several minutes it was impossible to distinguish any one voice in the din. The Prime Minister stood, looking pleased, moved, and a little worried by the incessant popping of the flashlights and the shouts of "Good old Clem!" He put his hand up uncertainly in the V sign that was so much a Churchill trademark, then took it quickly down, as though he had made a gaffe, and he would not repeat the gesture, even though the photographers tried to get him to. Mrs. Attlee, slim and pretty in a red hat and a long black coat, stood beside her husband, looking happy and proud. The crowd struck up "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Attlee, touched and nervous, waited in front of the microphone, moving his lips unconsciously, like an actor following the speech that leads up to his cue. The biggest applause during his firm, sincere, impressive, and short speech was accorded the statements that the Government would do all in its power to prosecute the Japanese war, that the Socialist program aimed primarily at achieving world security, which would banish war forever, and, finally and simply, that "this evening I have accepted His Majesty's commission." When Attlee finished, he sat down and lit a pipe. Morrison and several of the other Labour members were also smoking pipes. The only cigar on the platform belonged to a Labour peer. It seemed like a symbol.

Outside the hall a completely orderly and now much bigger crowd was doing some community singing on its own while it waited for Attlee and the rest to come out. They were mostly quite ordinary Londoners, the same nondescript, heroic nonentities who had patiently endured the blitz and the rest of the trials and were now celebrating the nation's gigantic vote of confidence in them. It was their day, and for a long time to come it should be their chance.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IF you can manage to give a hoot about fall hats in the middle of summer, you will be heartened by the new custom collections. There is young and attractive off-the-face headgear everywhere you go. Some nonsense is still about, as always, but in general it looks as though it would be fun to buy hats once again. John-Frederics, for example, offer some enchanting things called Cheek to Cheek millinery. A Cheek to Cheek (must I go on saying that?) is a small, pert half hat that you clap on one side of your head, where it is supposed to flatter your profile. One such, a dark felt, is caught up with a quill and has a chin strap to anchor it securely. Another is a fat double roll of bright hatters' plush (I mean hatters' bright plush) with a chou coming well below one ear. It is tied on your head with matching veiling. They are awfully young but a bit wicked, in a ladylike way. John and Fred, when the mood is upon them, can be as practical as they are resourceful. Take the new velours numbers they are showing, turn up the brim, and you have a Breton; sweep the brim down and you have a wide-brimmed sailor. I especially liked one in Kelly green that has gold-kid leaves encircling the crown. Derby crowns appear frequently in the collection. The most successful of them is on a tailored black felt that has somewhat less brim than the usual bowler and a brown veil cascading down the back to give it softness. These crowns are not as satisfactory when the brims are wide, for then the hats begin to look like the sort of thing you're apt to see in a Provincetown tearoom. It's always hard to find fur hats that are not clumsy, but John-Frederics have thought up some little darlings. The things are surprisingly light affairs of mink, leopard, or Indian lamb, and they have open crowns and turned-up brims. They are all quite wonderful, even though they have fur visors, which I think is carrying matters too far. Just in case you're beginning to think the boys are settling down, I'd better add that they have taken some old copies of *PM* and the *Herald Tribune* and made them into an open-crown bonnet. This remarkable montage is held together with gold mesh studded with glittering sequins. It's possible, of course, that they don't really mean it.

SALLY VICTOR, who has always liked the idea of young hats, is out with a brand-new young calot. She calls it that, at any rate, but it's really a combination cap and beret. It comes well down over the head and has a short, gathered back. It appears in several versions, ranging from felt for daytime to black net and jet for evening. Very different and very dreamy. This season, most of her bonnets—she has always been partial to bonnets and no one can do them better—are tailored, in combinations of pearl-gray felt and brown fabric. One has speckled brown wings sprouting across the front of its graceful crown. A fancier business has golden-brown ostrich peeping above its rippled double brim. Exquisite is the word for this one. A steel-gray felt decorated with chalk-white wings, instead of her favorite brown, has somehow crept into this group. It is well worth a second and even a third glance. As a matter of fact, I love every one of these bonnets. Before I forget, for evening there is a dashing swami turban—just swirls and swirls of brilliant rayon satin—that you can wear from January right on through December.

LILLY DACHÉ is fond of a well-rounded silhouette. Among her new ideas are cuff-shaped fezzes, but so wide and curved that I doubt whether any Turk would know what they are. One, in tailored black felt, has a red bull's-eye, outlined with heavy gold-thread embroidery, at one side. Several more elaborate confections are sprinkled with jet beads and passementerie. Her bumper berets are slightly slimmer. Some are in a felt the color of kasha cloth, a favored shade here, and usually trimmed

"Oh, he'll get used to it."

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with a red-embroidered flower; the embroidery is tailored but not at all Tyrolean. Others are made entirely of flat feathers that droop gracefully over the hairline. I think you will like them. Daché's latest cloches, which are felt, too, have skyscraper crowns. One is merely swathed with black rayon satin. Another has a band of gold felt and nailheads at the center of the crown. More formal jobs are dressed up with such trappings as turquoise, royal-blue, and orchid ribbons, beads, softly colored flowers, and a pastel feather duster. Some of this may sound hysterical, but it's actually sort of lovely. I'm afraid, though, that these cloches are meant only for willowy girls who know exactly how to carry themselves. Among the cocktail and dinner hats, my favorite is a wide-brimmed bonnet in teal-blue felt, a color that Daché, for reasons of her own, calls Presidio. It has floppy bright-blue and brown bows across the front, a twist of bright-green ribbon, and a bronze veil, all of which is very likely to make you irresistible. Then there are black felt halo turbans, which achieve width by means of taffeta loops applied to look like ruching. Daché uses, quite successfully, clusters of black burnt goose feathers to simulate aigrettes on her smaller black halos.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's major triumph in their new assortment of hats is a small, chocolate-brown felt sailor. The shape is good and the fabric is pressed in some ingenious manner that gives the effect of stitching. There's a jaunty black lace passementerie bow on the deep round crown and the edge of the miniature brim is trimmed with the same material to give it a lilt. It gave me a lilt, too. Bergdorf has every sort of hat you can think of. A green felt beret has a cluster of small brown feathers and green bows shooting off the front. The crown of a large gray felt with a rolled brim is decorated with midnight-blue ostrich feathers. A black velvet chef's cap has, quite unexpectedly, a small taupe felt brim. A greige profile hat has a flat, round crown, a highish peaked brim, and mercury wings crossing at the front. Very gay. And, for a springlike touch in autumn, there's a large, navy-blue Breton trimmed with red geraniums.

WALTER FLORELL wants women to reveal their eyes this season, wear their hair down, and look as young as possible. I'm not sure I know why Mr. Florell feels that way about eyes and hair, but that's the way he feels and I'm

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only passing along the word. With this ideal in mind, he has concocted an Alice-in-Wonderland sailor that has a wide, flat crown and an off-the-face brim. It's young to the point of being childish, almost Alice-in-Gagaland. You may have it in sunset-gold rayon velvet or in green felt with deep-red dahlias plunk at the hairline. A brown felt with a pleated brim that has matching ostrich wreathing the high crown to make it look still larger is known here as a Grown-up Bonnet. A nice hat, even so. Another sailor, which Florell chooses to call the Horseshoe, possibly because the brim is shaped like a horseshoe, is made of aqua-blue felt and has two big pink roses nestling in a bow of striped taffeta ribbon in the front. I thought it was pretty, and it's typical of what you will find on the premises. Typical, and a lot more wearable than some of the frippery I've just been talking about. —M. M.

•

Mr. Grainger urged a greater decentralization of performance of great works of music in the interest of more composing of American music. He said music lovers, particularly in great cities, are too likely to pay attention to the work of composers who frequent great cities in Europe than their native composers. He cited the work of Arthur Fikensher, for many years director of music at the University of Virginia.

"He is, I believe, the greatest composer in the United States today," Mr. Grainger said, "and one of the three or four greatest in the world. He is 76 years old and a native of Illinois. Yet he has never had his major works performed. Decentralization would end that situation."

Mr. Grainger will play Tschaikowski's "B Flat Minor Piano Concerto," and two solos, Sibelius' "Romance" and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2," at the Water Gate Concert.—*Washington Star.*

You see?

•

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT BROOKLYN

[*Essay written by a boy at a fresh-air camp*]

My First Cow

I saw my first live cow. In Brooklyn we don't have cows. We got colored fellows there, but no cows. I rode a horse on his back today. I never rode a horse alone before. I was awfully afraid of snakes, but no more now. Chief Al and Chief Gene told me the snakes are more afraid. I was afraid and scared of bugs and spiders, but no more now. I was afraid of the noises at night. They scared me. A guy told me birds bit people. But now I like birds now. I play with them. They don't bite people. I caught a turtle in the water today. He got away on me. I used to be afraid of turtles before. There is a tree in Brooklyn; but it has caterpillars on it.

—Joseph Liontonio

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THE RACE TRACK

That Horse Again

PERHAPS Stymie isn't just playing hookey from Class C, as I insinuated a few weeks ago, after he won the Brooklyn. His performance in the Butler Handicap last Saturday at Jamaica was absolutely first class. He carried a hundred and twenty-one pounds, gave weight to everyone except Rounders, and ran most of the mile and three-sixteenths along the inside rail, where the going is poorest. (The condition of the track was set down as "good" in the charts, but it of course looked as muddy as anything I've seen this muddy year.) As a race, it was the Brooklyn over again. Haile set the pace, the Hertz entry of Rounders and Olympic Zenith thoughtlessly burnt itself out by chasing him, and Stymie came up with a spectacular rush at the end to win his second $50,000 number this season.

The Butler was another feather in the cap of Hirsch Jacobs. Stymie was the thirty-fourth winner he has saddled this season. His thirty-third, by the way, was Moon Maiden, an old standby, who beat a first-rate collection of mares in the Comely Handicap earlier in the week and picked up $15,700. Jacobs is behind schedule, for he usually has at least sixty winners by the end of July. However, I wouldn't be surprised, purses being what they are now, if his current collection of horses hasn't already won more money than the huge stable he campaigned in 1936. That was his big year, you may recall, when he saddled 177 winners, who earned $155,789. Stymie, all by himself, has won around $100,000. I can't go any farther into the mathematics of the situation than that, for Diogenes Checkpoints burned out the bearings of his adding machine as he tried to total Empire City's parimutuel handle.

JUST before the Fleetwing Handicap, as First Fiddle passed by on his way to the post, a trainer who had another horse in the race remarked, "I wonder what on earth they're running that one for!" No doubt he was thinking of the Yonkers Handicap, in which First Fiddle didn't seem able to raise a good gallop. Well, the trainer got an answer to his wonder. First Fiddle was away last, but he went around his field at the stretch turn ("like a hoop around a barrel," one horseman said) and overtook all competition. I expect that the reason he ran so well was that Longden rode him. He's a crotchety beast, as so many grays are. One of his whims is that he must be saddled facing the rear of the stall, with his head in a corner. He goes into conniptions otherwise. It's plain, too, that he's conniptiony about who rides him. Longden certainly has been more successful with him than any other rider.

It would be difficult to find much wrong with the way War Kilt took the Demoiselle Stakes, unless you had a ticket on Hypnotic, or Edified, who was such a tip. I reserve judgment on War Kilt, however, until she meets Beaugay. Another delightful little number, one that should add interest to the Schuylerville and the Spinaway at Belmont next month, is Boojie, who won her first start at Jamaica last week. She has a lovely head and straighter front legs than her sister, Boojiana, and she can really run. Among those who finished behind her was the much talked about Our Colors, a full sister of War Admiral. Our Colors is bigger than her brother, and looks much more like Man o' War than War Admiral did when he was her age. While we're on the subject of relationships, I doubt that Count Speed, who also made his first appearance last week, is going to be another Count Fleet. I must say, though, that he is a much handsomer animal than his famous brother.

A WANDERING outsideman reports that last autumn a colt by Balladier out of Mata Hari took a blue ribbon at an impromptu yearling show at Dixiana. The judges must have had a premonition. Last weekend, the colt, who has since been named Spy Song, won the valuable Arlington Futurity by five lengths. —AUDAX MINOR

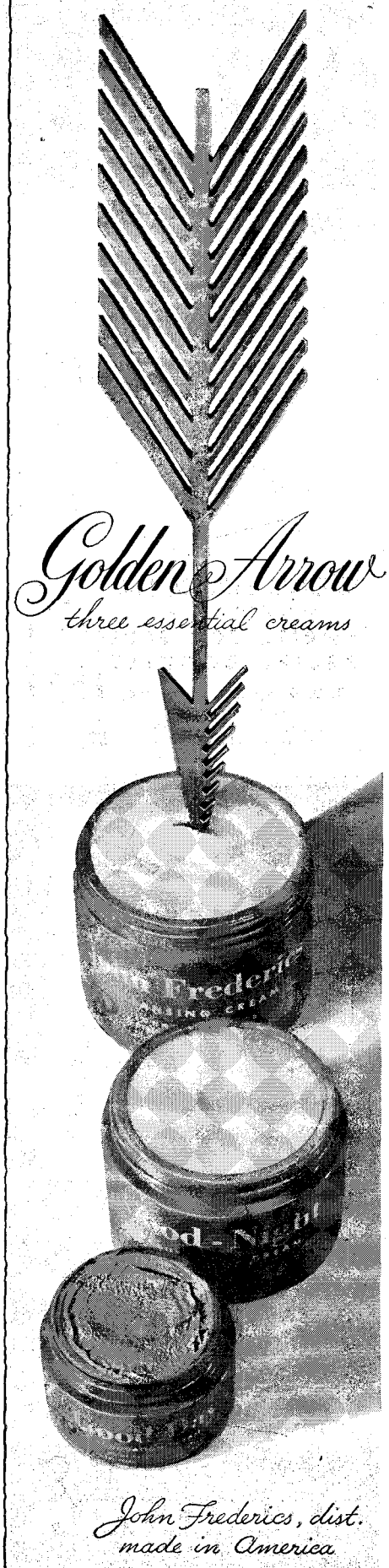
•

Mrs. Natalie Kalmus, color director of the Technicolor Corp. today revealed that she and her husband, Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus, president of the corporation, have been divorced for several months.

The Kalmuses have been married for 25 years.

"We never discussed anything except Technicolor," Mrs. Kalmus said. "When that subject ran out, we found we had nothing to talk about."—*Hollywood Citizen-News.*

Come to think of it, there *isn't* much else.



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WHY THIS MAN MAY NEED HELP WITH A
Rum Collins

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LETTER FROM BERLIN

JULY 23 (BY WIRELESS)

EXCEPT in the black market, in the night clubs that are simply adjuncts to it, and in the labor pool of ladies who use the night clubs as hiring halls, hardly any Berliners seem eager to accept money in return for goods or services right now. Not long ago I arranged to have the young wife of a certified agronomist who lives near the press camp where I am billeted in southwestern Berlin, do my laundry. When she brought it back I asked her how much I owed her, and she didn't know what it was but thought I might put out some marks and she would see. Then she pointed. Didn't I have some cigarettes that I could spare—a chocolate bar, perhaps—or maybe a few cigarettes? Since then I have encountered a lot of this reluctance to accept cash and a preference for barter all over southern and western Germany. In Berlin it is even more pronounced. In every part of the city there are bulletin boards plastered with little handwritten or typed offers to swap. These are a few of the offers on the swapboard nearest the press camp: a pair of men's heavy shoes for pipe tobacco; a Siemens electric icebox for a Leica or Contax camera; food or cigarettes for an English dictionary or a cigarette lighter of good quality; a rabbit hutch and a garden hose, both in first-class condition, for a stud rabbit; twenty Macedonia cigarettes for a pound of sugar; twenty-five cigarettes for a bottle of German brandy; tobacco for Russian lessons; and—this presumably from someone with an eye to a career—a beautiful old china cabinet for an evening dress, evening shoes, and some opera music scored for a soprano.

Clothing is one of the scarcest commodities in Berlin. Not only have the clothing stores no stocks at all, but tailors are running out of material for patching. When a woman I know sent her husband's four-year-old suit out to be mended, it was returned to her untouched because the tailor had no more buttons or thread and didn't know when or where he could get any. This woman recently traded her bridal veil to get a pair of shoes for her daughter. Not long ago she came into what is looked upon now as a rich inheritance. An aunt of hers died, leaving her a considerable amount of clothing. The only trouble was that the things were far too big for her, so she took them to an old woman who had run a little grocery store until it had been bombed out and whom she warmly remembered as the only person in all Berlin who had never snarled at her once throughout the war, even though she is half-Jewish, but had always been polite and kind. The old woman was tall and fat, and the aunt's clothes fitted her exactly. In return she gave my friend potatoes and a few bottles of wine she had salvaged from the rubble of the cellar of her grocery.

Beside the offers to swap there are many appeals for people who visit other parts of Germany to take letters with them. There has been no postal service since the surrender, and nearly every family has at least one member who hasn't been heard from yet. The situation is responsible for notices like this one, which is posted on a downtown swapboard: "Is your missing husband, son, or friend alive? Is he dead? I can look at his photograph and answer the question, yes or no. Free of charge or for twenty grams [forty-four thousandths of a pound] of genuine tea, if that is agreeable to you."

Most Germans you talk to will tell you that they have plenty of money, and often they will prove it by showing you large rolls of marks that they carry with them. Bombed-out property owners were paid generous damages by their government, and quite a few have hung onto part or all of this money. While the fighting was going on, war workers in Berlin got what were for Germany high wages, but owing to the almost total lack of consumer goods, there was little to spend the money on. Consequently, many of them have a considerable portion of it left.

FOR the average Berliner, the city has been all but bone dry since 1943. The beer available to him was (and is) less than two per cent alcohol, soapy, and unfit to swallow. Every family was allowed to buy a bottle of wine or spirits for the Christmas season, but that and the beer were all there was to drink. A number of Berliners died during the war from drinking wood alcohol, and it has already killed several of our G.I.s. The Wehrmacht was supplied with beer that ran up to eight and nine per cent alcohol and was excellent, but the soldiers really

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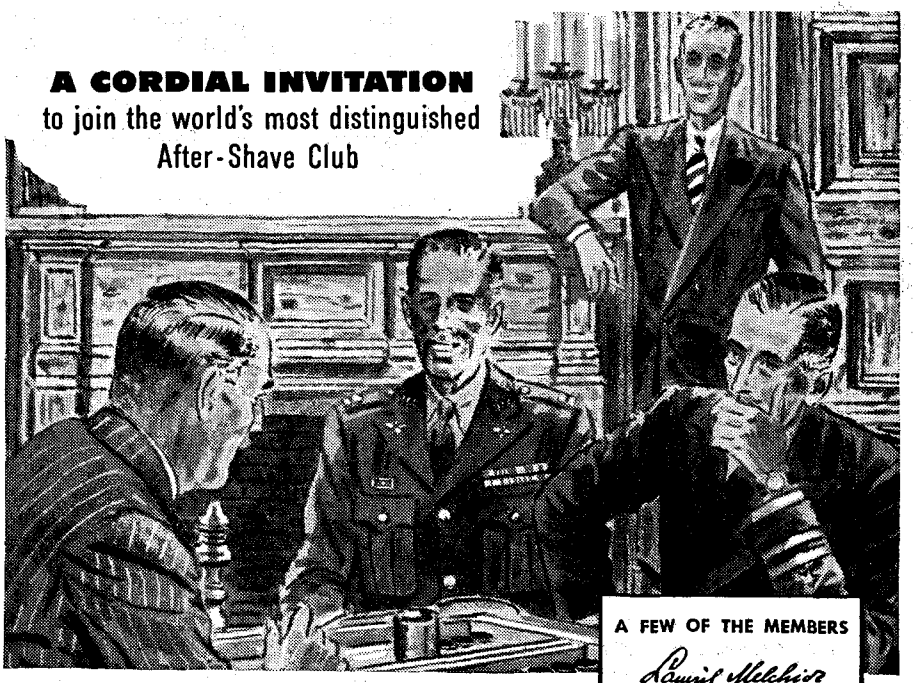
didn't do too well at that, for the wine and spirits were cornered by the S.S., which operated in the black market on a big scale. There was an organization in the Keithstrasse called the Volksdeutsche Mittelstelle, or German People's Supply Office, which was merely a front for S.S. black-market operations. One of its principal sources of revenue was liquor. When the Wehrmacht was winning, the Mittelstelle dispatched large convoys to conquered countries, and the trucks came back loaded down with looted bottles of prime stuff. The haul ran into hundreds of thousands of bottles, but the S.S. held them for important Party men, generals who played ball, industrialists of the same category, and proprietors of luxury hotels willing to pay what was demanded. It was only when the Allied armies got on German soil that these vast stashes were broken open and it became known that the Reich had been bulging with drink while the citizenry had been going around with parched tongues. Just before the Russians took Potsdam, some S.S. troopers went into the cellar of a hospital there, took out thousands and thousands of gallons of cognac and kümmel in splits, and threw them into the Havelsee. This lake is only thirteen feet deep where the bottles were dumped, and almost everybody in Potsdam who could swim went diving for them. A swimming instructor of my acquaintance, who lives in Grunewald, got up one dawn, walked the five miles to the lake, spent most of the day underwater, and walked home after sunset with all the cognac and kümmel splits he could carry.

Nobody in Berlin today can legitimately buy enough food to feel really filled up. In theory, everyone gets a twelve-hundred-calory-a-day diet, but in practice there has never once been enough food for that in the two and a half months since the city fell. The chief difficulty is transportation. The food situation in Berlin is somewhat like the one in Paris last winter, when Parisians starved although there was food not very far away. The Russians hold all the food-producing terrain in this part of Germany, but they do not have much transportation, even for themselves, and anyway the Red Army is living off the land. The crops I have seen while travelling through the agricultural regions look pretty good. Barring disasters, I am informed, the people in German cities should have enough cereals to get by, at least, this winter. The real shortage will be in meats



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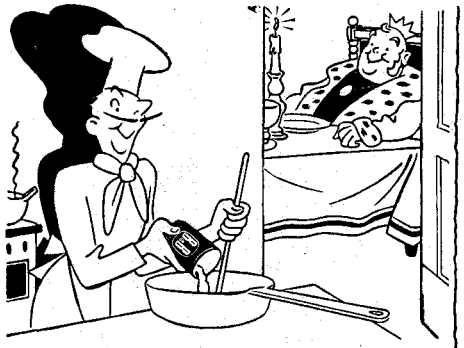

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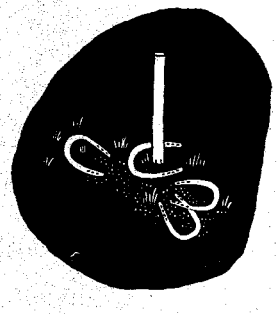
and fats, because the Germans, after eating up all the edible livestock in the countries they overran, ate up their own. A veteran Social Democrat, who suffered greatly from the Nazis, told me that many of his fellow-countrymen had their first doubts about winning the war when the supplies from the Ukraine stopped coming in.

TO be sure, food, as well as drink and clothing, can be bought on the black market, but if you reckon the mark at ten cents, as our Army Finance Department does, the prices are enormous—$200 for a bottle of popskull schnapps, $100 for a bottle of wine not worth pulling the cork out of, $120 for a pound of butter, $90 for a pound of lard, $50 to $60 for a pound of coffee, $25 a pair for silk stockings, $7 a pair for stockings made from shredded wool, and so on. In an effort to keep American cigarettes off the black market, the Second Armored Division's judge advocate general has just ruled that supplies bought in Army Post Exchanges remain the property of our government until they have been consumed by the soldier who buys them. This naturally means that a soldier who lets such commodities get into the black market is disposing of government property and running the risk of a severe penalty.

The standard ninety-mark, or nine-dollar, meal in one black-market restaurant here is a plate of completely bodiless soup like that served in the grimmer American houses of correction, two small slices of roast meat of questionable parentage, a dab of pudding the size of a golf ball and depressing even to look at, a cup of ersatz coffee, and a thimbleful of colored alcohol known to those who have had it before as *Schwindelkognak*. At the celebrated Femina night club, the standard meal costs seventy marks. It is the same as the dinner at the place I just mentioned except that there is no *Schwindelkognak* and that instead of the roast whatever-it-is you get a *Koenigsberger Klops*, which is the German version of our boarding-house meat ball and is held together by a starchlike substance that tastes like low-grade sawdust. Paris clip-joint prices may be higher, but what you get in them is not swill. A hostess at the Femina, who looks like one of the girls George Grosz used to draw so wonderfully during his Berlin days, told me that the standard meal they put out at a club called the Rio Rita is cheaper. "It costs only sixty-five marks," she said sourly.

The clientele willing and able to pay the prices in these places is a mixed one. First, there are the *Schieber*, or black marketeers. Then, the night clubs also get quite a play from Russian officers, who presumably have learned about high prices in the expensive Moscow hot spots. Many of the patrons in these Berlin joints are members of the American occupational forces, who, although they never eat the meals, go for the floor shows, the dancing, and so forth. The rest of the customers—and these are few—are ordinary Berliners out on one dreary last fling.

AS the dust settles, the difference between the Germany of today and the Germany of immediately after the last war grows increasingly impressive. Take the matter of occupation. Last time, a comparative handful of French, British and Americans nestled for a few years in a few cozy corners along the upper Rhine, leaving the enormous rest of the country to do pretty much as it liked. This time, Germany is blanketed with soldiers, some of whom fought their way here from Egypt and North Africa and some of whom battled through from Stalingrad and even the Caucasus. One day these men will go home, but others will come to take their places. Then there is the matter of bombing. Last time, the air attacks did scarcely more than chip Germany in its southwest corner. This time, Allied air power has crunched every city and town of economic importance, and nearly all the power plants and communications systems that kept them going. I doubt that it is possible to explain to those who have not seen Berlin how beat-up it is. For some reason, photographs do not show the astounding ruination fully. Be sure to see a wonderful Russian documentary film called "Berlin" when it reaches New York. It gives an excellent idea of what the Red Army's heavy artillery did to the city. There is little, however, in the picture about the working-over it got from the R.A.F. and our Eighth Air Force. The slow, inefficient Russians began showing the film here this week, but the fast, efficient Americans don't seem to have any picture at all to show



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the Germans how *they* got to Berlin.

This immense city is spread out over more than three hundred and forty square miles. Like Paris, it is diyided into *arrondissements*, or what the Germans call *Verwaltungsbezirke*. There are twenty *Verwaltungsbezirke*, and the bombers and Mosquitos didn't skip any of them. Consider the matter of a place to sleep. Greater Berlin, in the spring of 1939, had 1,600,000 dwelling places—houses, hotel rooms, and so on summer of 1944, the last thing like a reliable coun made, 400,000 of these dwe nothing but rubble, 800,00 damaged beyond repair, an needed repairs to make them Only 300,000 were still usable. This, mind you, was in the late summer of 1944, when the Eighth's bombers still had six months to go on their clobbering. Modern Berlin's greatest years of building activity were between 1927 and 1930, and not, as Doctor Goebbels used to claim, during the reign of "the greatest architect of all time." In those years about 40,000 dwellings were built annually. If you adopt that figure as a maximum, and grant, for the sake of argument, adequate supplies of skilled labor, transport, and materials, it will take thirty years just to replace the 1,200,000 destroyed and hopelessly damaged dwelling places. This doesn't take into consideration the large numbers of industrial and business buildings, government offices, hospitals, schools, and so on, which were also destroyed and will have to be replaced.

Before work on the 1,200,000 dwellings can be started, the *Schuttfrage*, or rubble problem, will have to be solved. It has been estimated that there will be about forty cubic yards of rubble on the site of each damaged dwelling pulled down, which, added to the rubble already on hand, will give the Berliners thirty or thirty-five million cubic yards of the stuff to dispose of. That means, so I'm informed, ten million truck loads or three million freight-car loads, and, on a basis of ten trainloads of fifty cars apiece every day, it will be twenty-four years before Berlin is cleared of the rubble from those 1,200,000 dwellings alone. One plan is to dump the debris in the Tiergarten, Berlin's largest park, build a mountain out of it, and plant it with greenery, but this scheme is still in the discussion stage. Quite a *Frage*, the *Schuttfrage*.

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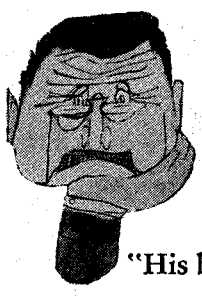

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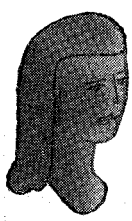

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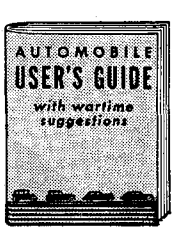

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has become the principal occupation of Berliners. The Russians have set thousands and thousands of women working at it in bucket brigades of from fifty to a hundred. Some of these are supplied by the Soviet Labor Office and are paid seventy-two pfennigs, or seven and a fifth cents, an hour. The others are women who were formerly members of the Nazi Party and who now work eight hours a day, every day, with no remuneration except two meals. Many of these unpaid workers are the middle-aged, middle-class women who from time to time gathered before the *Reichskanzlei*, which was Hitler's White House, put their arms around one another's waists, and swayed from side to side, singing, "Homeward, homeward, we aren't going home until the Führer speaks." They would chant this over and over again, until Hitler came out on the balcony and waved at them, at which they would almost swoon with ecstasy. It is interesting to learn what great support loveless, or at any rate unlovely, women of this sort gave the Party. I've been told that Goebbels would not let Hitler marry Eva Braun because that would have caused these women to drop their Führer like a shot. Now, working together on the rubble details, they hate one another. They are forever ratting on each other to the foremen, also former members of the Party, who march them off to work every morning. "She didn't shovel yesterday. Make her shovel overtime." "I did too shovel." "She's a fine one to talk. Last Tuesday, when she said she was too sick to shovel, she went to the movies." Every day each foreman has to break up several hair-pulling matches.

The other afternoon I was sitting with a friend in his damaged apartment, which was being repaired. Two roustabouts were going in and out, lugging washbowls, sections of pipe, tables, and chairs. One was tall, husky, and tough-looking, and the other was short, bald, and stupid; they made me think of the old piano-moving act in vaudeville. When they had finished, my friend nodded toward the door through which they had departed and said, "Party officials." Their wages also, he told me, were two meals a day. This man, a first-class architect who was never either a Nazi or a soldier, is working on the problem of rebuilding the city. He once earned fifteen hundred marks a month, which was quite good for Germany. Now he is on a salary of a hundred and fifty.

ONE of the jobs of our Military Government here will be to understand the Russians. Shortly after the Americans moved in, on the Fourth of July, one of our Military Government captains showed up at breakfast one morning with a puffed jaw and skinned knuckles. It developed that the night before he had called on some members of the Russian Military Government, who had welcomed him handsomely and then set him down with three pretty Russian Wacs at a table loaded with bottles. Soon three Russian captains came in and sat down, too. After several toasts, one of them, who spoke some English, reached over, felt the American's muscle, and said, "American captain pretty toff, hey? I think Russky captain pretty toff, too. Come, vee box." The Russian thereupon sprang from his chair and struck a pose resembling that of a prize-fighter in an early-nineteenth-century sporting print. The American protested that he didn't want to box, but the three Wacs and the two other captains insisted so enthusiastically that he finally accepted the challenge. After a few seconds of sparring, the American, who knew a little about boxing, could see that the Russian knew nothing. Nevertheless, though the Russian was playing, he was playing with clenched fists, and the American presently took a terrific belt to the jaw, so he settled down, belted back, and stiffened his opponent. Then, thinking that he was in real trouble, he resolved to fall bravely before the combined onslaught of the other Russians, but they all simply applauded. The American, puzzled, lifted and revived his late opponent and assisted him back to the table, where everybody, including the vanquished, shook the victor's hand and pounded him on the back. After more toasts, another of the Russian captains insisted on boxing the American, who again protested but again was obliged to box and again ended up by cooling his adversary. After more applause and more toasts, he knocked out the third Russian captain. Then, in great amity, everybody settled down to some uninterrupted toasting and relations-cementing. The American had a wonderful night, but he would like somebody to explain to him the Russian point of view.

Every Berliner has a story of Russian plundering to tell, but the only Rus-

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sian plundering I have seen is the plundering of American watches. Few of the thousands of Americans in Berlin today have watches any more, for the Russians have been plundering them relentlessly at three and four hundred dollars a watch. Our Army postal clerks have had to handle so many requests to send money orders home that an embargo has been placed on Russian occupation currency until the clerks can get their paperwork cleared up. The report here is that an Ingersoll will buy two cows in Russia.

Russian soldiers crawl all over the shattered Reichstag building, scrawling their names and addresses in almost inaccessible corners with chalk. In the process their uniforms usually pick up rubble dust or rust from twisted girders. As the men leave the building, they are spruced up by three Germans posted there to brush them off. Sometimes the Russian sentries on duty at Hitler's chancellery will let souvenir hunters in without a murmur, and at other times they won't let them in at all. After careful observation, I have deduced that the other times are when some Russian officer stationed there has decided to take a bath in Hitler's tub. The Chancellery plumbing has, of course, been knocked out, but a couple of Russian G.I.s are always on hand to heat water over a fire in the garden.

Apparently the Berliners insist on regarding the Russians as big, bad children. The other day I was sitting in the non-Nazi architect's apartment while he was writing a letter. Suddenly there were a lot of shots outside. "What's all that shooting?" I inquired in alarm. "Oh, it's only the Russians," he replied, without even looking up. "What are they shooting for?" I asked. "Oh," he said absently, still with his attention on his letter, "they're just playing."

—JOEL SAYRE

•

WHICH PAGE OF "PM" D'YA READ?

At this point I would like to say that a *coiffeur* is a man who does hair-dos and NOT what you have on your head when he is done, as so many of my colleagues seem to think. THAT is a coif*fure*. A woman who does your hair is a coiff*euse*. I hope you will pardon this little French lesson, but I am awfully weary of reading in fashion columns that Mrs. Whoosis had a magnificent blond coiffeur with gardenias. —*PM, June 17, page M-17.*

Superficially, with her careful coiffeur, her sharp eyes, her chiseled features and her cultured voice, Mrs. Bingham reminded me a little of Clare Boothe Luce. —*PM, same day, page M-14.*

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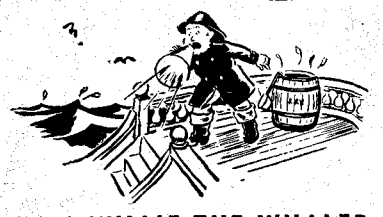
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FEUD

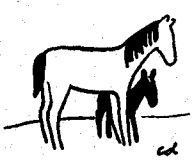
WHEN you have malaria, the attacks hit you on alternate days. The dark-brown Negro engineer from Chicago had his "good" days the same time I had mine, and we'd sit on his cot and play cassino all day.

Lieutenant Donavan, the nurse, liked to kibitz the game. She was a large, plump, good-natured woman, with heavy, varicosed legs. She was full of corny jokes, which she told in a loud voice, and there was always a smile on her face and a sort of twinkle in her eyes. The smile was a silly one most of the time, but she worked hard and took good care of the boys and everybody liked her. Some guys even enjoyed her jokes.

She was kibitzing our game when they brought in a tall, sharp-featured sergeant, his thin face an atabrine yellow. She told him to take the empty cot next to the Negro engineer's and then looked at his papers. "My name is Donavan," she said to him. "Feel pretty bad, Eddie?"

He was having a chill and was shaking a little. He didn't say anything at all. He picked up the pajamas that were laid out on his cot and went to the latrine to change. Donavan said, "Talks too much, doesn't he?," and filled a water bottle and left it on the table beside his cot. It wasn't really a table but a bomb rack painted white.

A delirious soldier at the end of the ward started to moan, and Donavan went down to look at him as Eddie came back. The hospital pajamas were too short for Eddie. He threw his clothes on the floor, sat on the cot as he took off his shoes, then got under the blankets. His teeth were chattering now.



When Donavan came back, she looked at Eddie's clothes and smiled and said, "If you weren't feeling so bad, I'd make you pick these up. That's no way to leave your things. Here." She took two blankets from another cot and spread them over him. "Still cold?" she said.

He didn't answer, just looked at her. She folded his clothes neatly and carried them to her office. In a moment she returned with three pills. "Take these and try to sleep," she said. "This is one place where they want you to get all the sack time possible."

"Leave me alone," he said, his teeth clicking.

She poked him gently. "Sergeant, you have to take these pills."

He raised his head and swallowed the pills quickly when she poured out a cup of water for him. Then he stretched out and closed his eyes. All of us knew that he would soon be sleeping and that later he would run a temperature and throw the blankets off.

The colored engineer whispered to me, "That's a mean bastard."

"The first day is always bad," I said.

"No, no, he's the mean kind," the Negro said.

Donavan was standing behind us. Suddenly she giggled. "If you'd stopped whispering and watched your cards," she told the engineer, "you could have built eights. Taken in the good two of spades that way."

THE Negro engineer and I were playing stud poker on his cot, using matches for chips, when this Eddie started to sweat. He kicked the blankets off. Donavan rushed down the aisle and picked them up and put them on an empty cot. She asked us, "You boys playing for money?"

"We're playing for cigarettes—if we had any. When's PX day?" the colored boy asked.

"Tuesday. Now, don't let me catch you playing for money," she said, giving us a big wink.

She went down the aisle to look at the delirious guy, who was quiet now, and this Eddie opened his eyes. "What's the matter with her?" he said.

"Nothing. She's a good nurse," I said.

Eddie said, "All this goddam phony fussing over a guy. You don't see no nurses going out with enlisted men. Fat old bag."

The engineer looked at me and grinned.

Just before lunch, when the ambulatory patients were downstairs getting trays for us, the Vampire came in. He was called Dracula, the Bat, Lugosi, and Peter Lorre. He was a small, slender T/5 with a sort of girlish face. He came around the ward every morning and pricked our fingers to get a blood smear. He put his little white box down on Eddie's cot and Eddie asked, "What do you want?"

"Blood, chum," he said, taking out a rubber tube to tie around Eddie's arm. "I have to take a big sample the first time."

"What the hell for?"

"See if you got malaria or something

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else," the Vampire said. "Roll up your sleeve."

"I got it. You don't have to test me," Eddie said nervously. "I had it twice in Italy last summer."

Donavan came over. "We have to take a specimen of your blood," she told him. "My heavens, how long have you been in the Army?"

Eddie glared at her with his feverish eyes. "Three years, and every time I get the needle I pass out. I can't stand it going into me."

The Bat started rolling up Eddie's sleeve. "Got to do it, chum," he said.

Donavan sat down on Eddie's cot and wiped the sweat from his face with his towel and spoke to him gently. "That's all a state of mind, big boy. It doesn't hurt. And we do have to look at your blood. Maybe you don't have malaria, just sand-fly fever."

"I have malaria and I can't stand a needle," Eddie said.

"It won't hurt," Peter Lorre said, tying the rubber hose tightly above Eddie's elbow. He slapped the joint a few times till the vein showed. "Make a fist," he said. Eddie didn't move his hand, so Donavan shut it and held it shut. The Vampire cleaned the skin over the vein with alcohol. Then he neatly injected the needle and started pulling up on the plunger of the syringe, filling the tube with bright-red blood.

Eddie stared straight up at the cracked ceiling. As Donavan said cheerfully, "Now, you see. There's nothing to it," Eddie suddenly vomited all over himself. Then he fainted.

The nurse quickly and expertly caught his arm, so that the needle didn't break off or tear the vein. The Bat had about a half a test tube full of blood. Donavan said, "That will be enough."

The T/5 loosened the rubber tube, put some cotton around the needle, and pulled it out. He held the cotton over the puncture for a moment. "Some boy!" he said, putting the syringe into his box, and walked away.

"Oh, shut up," Donavan said. "Damn, what a mess." She gently let Eddie's arm down on the bed and straightened his pillow. She took his pulse, then went for clean linen.

When she returned, Eddie had come to. She smiled and said, "If you feel up to it, change into this pajama top and get into the empty cot." He stared at her sullenly for a moment and she said, "Well, come on, I want to clean up."

He changed pajama tops and got into the other cot, watching her as she put fresh sheets and blankets on his old bed. "You ought to get over that," she said.

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by JAMES HILTON

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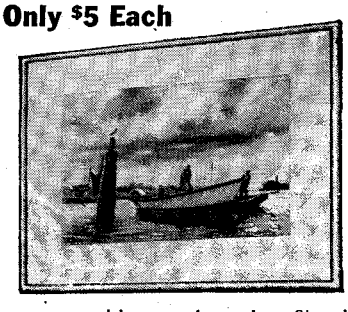

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"Nothing to it. Really comes because you think about it too much."

When Donavan took the soiled sheets away, Eddie said, "Smart, isn't it? Guy has malaria and they send him to the Pacific. I'll get even with that bitch."

"What do you mean, 'bitch'?" the colored soldier said, shuffling the cards. "If she hadn't caught your arm, you'd still have that needle up there."

Eddie looked past the Negro and said to me, "She didn't have to make all that fuss and keep talking about it. Giving me a sob story. I'll get her."

"Aw, stop it," the engineer said casually. "You came in to get cured, didn't you? She's a good nurse. Not her fault if you can't take it."

Eddie said something under his breath and turned his back on us. The engineer dealt the cards.

THE regular rest period came after lunch and all patients had to stay in their cots and sleep or read the old magazines. The delirious guy went off again and Donavan gave him some pills that quieted him. She passed Eddie's cot twice, and he kept watching her, and once I thought he grinned as she went by.

After a while, he closed his eyes and began to moan. Somebody said, "Another guy off."

As Donavan came over to his bed, Eddie said quickly, in a loud, clear voice, "O.K., Joe, O.K. Let's try those two broads over there. Best I seen on the Via Roma. Hey, *Sigorinia, quanta costa?* We go to your room."

Donavan got a little red in the face as she bent over Eddie and took his pulse again. He was almost talking into her face when he began going into details about the room and the girls. He undressed the girls, joked with them, got into bed with them. Nothing was left out, and he used all the four- and five-letter words he knew.

Donavan finally let go of his hand and stood up, her plump face now a deep, embarrassed red. She looked around the ward for a moment, as though she didn't know what to do. Most of the soldiers were sitting up, some of them grinning.

Eddie kept on talking dirty and Donavan suddenly went into action. She ran to her office, actually running down the aisle with short, clumsy steps. She filled a hypo with dope and started for Eddie's cot, this time walking.

He must have been watching her through half-opened eyes, for he stopped talking, turned over, and then sat up and shook his head. As Donavan came up, her face still red, Eddie looked at the needle and asked, "Something *wrong?*"

"You were delirious."

Eddie lay back on his pillow. "Was I? Guess I got it bad this time. Hope I didn't make too much of a racket."

Donavan stared at him for a moment, her face angry. "You said plenty!" she said. "Plenty!" Her voice was a bit shrill. She went back to her office.

Eddie smiled at the engineer and pulled the blankets up to his chin.

The engineer came over to my cot with the cards. He said softly, "That son of a bitch was faking."

"Sure he was faking," I said. "We can't play cards now—rest period still on."

"Hell with that. It's no way to treat Donavan. She's a fine nurse."

We turned and looked at Donavan, sitting in her office. Her big face was back to its normal pink. She sat at her desk, holding her head in her hands.

"Think she knows he was faking?" the engineer said. "He sure stopped when he saw her coming with that shot."

"I guess she knows," I said.

Donavan raised her head and looked down the ward. Eddie was faced the other way and didn't see her. She reached for the portable phone in her office and turned the crank till the bell rang. Then, as if she were answering a call, she said in a loud voice, "What? You dropped it? That's too bad. You'll have to take it again tomorrow morning, then." It was a phony call, of course.

Donavan walked over to Eddie's cot. She smiled as she passed the Negro and me, and said, "I'll give you boys your back rubs in a little while." She stopped at the foot of Eddie's cot and asked, "Are you awake?"

Eddie had begun to shake again. He raised his head. "Me?" he said.

Donavan put some extra blankets over him and said, "I'm sorry, they dropped your blood. Have to take it again."

Eddie's thin face went a sickly yellow. "Now?"

"If you're real cold, I'll get you a hot-water bottle," she said.

"Take my blood now?"

"Oh, no," Donavan said happily. "Tomorrow morning. Don't dream about it. I'll get you some pills for your chill." She turned and walked away, the usual smile on her face.

The colored boy said, "Hot damn! I feel like standing up and clapping."

—LEN ZINBERG

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Texas, Perhaps

SINCE I was never subjected to the ministrations of the late Texas Guinan in a night club, my knowledge of the lady has always been based on hearsay. Some of my informants, full of damp-eyed and generally aromatic nostalgia, have referred to Miss Guinan with the sort of sentimentality that the soldiers of the Crimean War probably employed in post-bellum conversations about Florence Nightingale. On the other hand, some who have talked to me about the hostess have darkly emphasized the fact that she was as carefree in her attitude toward a customer's bankroll as Insull was toward a stockholder's cash. With such contradictory opinions of Miss Guinan in mind, I approached "Incendiary Blonde," the Technicolor account of her career, in a state of impartial confusion. I departed from the film in the same condition. Miss Guinan, it seems, was a simple child of the Southwest, driven by a broken heart to abandon a lucrative career as a rodeo rider and rush off to Broadway to establish a clip joint. At one time or another she married and divorced a newspaperman, appeared in musical comedies, and starred in some early movies. In relating all this, the scriptwriters of "Incendiary Blonde" have adopted a rather ambivalent attitude toward their heroine—one minute they are all choked up about her nobility and the next they are pointing out that she was a damned tricky operator. But if the heroine of the piece is somewhat baffling, the establishment she runs in Manhattan is even more so. The miracle of Technicolor has transformed Miss Guinan's speakeasy, which was, I am told, pretty murky, into a sort of Spotless Town, all bright and clean and shiny. Then, what happens to the customers in this place is the sort of thing that happens to the customers of Olsen and Johnson, and is just as painful to behold.

In the rôle of Miss Guinan, Betty Hutton confines herself to two moods. She is (a) happy or (b) sad. This puts her one up on Arturo de Cordova, the hero, who remains as numb as a mummy throughout. Only Rémy de Gourmont or Havelock Ellis could cook up an explanation for Mr. de Cordova's fascination for Miss Hutton. A modified form of necrophilia, perhaps. Besides Mr. de Cordova, Miss Hutton has to contend with Bill Goodwin, a former radio announcer, who always sounds as though he might start plugging some soap, even in the midst of a determined love scene. "Incendiary Blonde" offers Barry Fitzgerald as Guinan *père*. He does what he can, but even he is presently overwhelmed by the dreariness of it all.

TAKE the editor of a cooking page who can't cook. Add a petty officer who loves food. Throw in a publisher who insists that the cooking editor entertain the petty officer for Christmas. Now you've practically got a turkey called "Christmas in Connecticut." Among the other ingredients are Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From the Lewiston (Idaho) Morning Tribune*]

It was a proud and thrilled audience who heard Elizabeth Ann (Betty) Bollinger last evening, sing in the completely filled auditorium of North Idaho Teachers college, giving a program of French, German, Italian and English compositions, varied in theme, difficult, and musically exquisite. Equal to the demands of each number, Miss Bollinger and her pianist accompanist, Elsa Petersen Hughes, gave a concert of high artistry.

They were presented by the associated students.

Miss Bollinger is a mixed bouquet of orchids, primroses and buttercups. She is the sophistication of well guided, obediently earned technique, and the naivete of youth at its first party. She is the headiness of a luxurious perfume, and the stamina of a glass of milk. She is the handclasp of a loyal, good friend, and the hesitant smile of a shy infant. She is the blush of dawn's sun on a hilltop field, and she is the glow of a sparkling gem in a Cartier case. She is Elizabeth Ann Bollinger whom the leading musicians of the country have welcomed into their sacrosanct realm with brilliant praise and prophesies. She is Betty Bollinger, Lewiston's daughter, whose head is unturned by the successes and adulation bestowed upon her by the largest cities of the west. She is Betty Bollinger who loves better than anything to come to her home town, to her family, and her childhood friends. She is Betty Bollinger who will obligingly stand for hours singing difficult arias for her mother's friends while her own friends are gathering at the coke fountain for chatter and juke box music. She is Betty Bollinger modern as the "Samba," ancient as music, and as far into the pathway of tomorrow as the volume of her luscious voice, singing on and on into the stars.

LISTEN: AUGUST 4, 1945

In Japan it's a misdemeanor of the first magnitude to share the sunlight the Emperor walks in, so even the Japanese know very little about their military and industrial leaders who are leading them, rather quickly now, to perdition.

So little has been printed about these men that it's a tough job for Bob Heller, the producer of CBS' *Ten From Tokyo* (Saturdays at 3:45 p.m. EWT) to collect biographical information. He depends mainly on the personal recollections and diaries of Americans who once lived in Japan. Inadequate as a thorough source, to be sure, but pretty revealing, you'll agree, if you've heard the program.

Variety said of it: "Add to good idea, good production, acting and direction—which this show has—and you have something worth airing."

★

The Seventh War Loan was the most successful of them all. The U.S. Treasury says so, and you'd know it anyway just from looking in your safe deposit box.

Radio helped a lot toward its success. The National Association of Broadcasters estimated the total dollar value of radio's free support of the "Mighty 7th" at $23,513,742.

The value of the programs contributed between May 1 and June 30 by individual stations and advertisers came to more than $16 millions; the value of the national "spot" and network-originated programs was more than $6 millions.★

★

Every week of the year KOIN, the CBS affiliate in Portland, originates and broadcasts a fast-moving radio program called *Traffic Safety*. It teaches vivid lessons on careless driving. Nine other Oregon stations broadcast recordings of the original programs. That's perhaps why Portland won the National Traffic Safety contest for cities, and Oregon won it for states. They're two of the world's safest neighborhoods.

★*Please remember to buy that War Bond*

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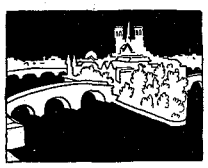
LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 26 (BY WIRELESS)

CERTAINLY it is incorrect to call Marshal Pétain's trial for treason, in the Palais de Justice, one of the greatest trials in history. The trial is turning out to be merely one of the greatest lessons in history, pedagogically speaking, the French people have had since June, 1940. It was then that there began the particular chapter of French history whose details most French citizens are only now learning about, five years later. The lesson is being recited ad lib by expert witnesses like ex-Premiers Paul Reynaud and Edouard Daladier and ex-President Albert Lebrun in the court sessions, and next morning the French newspapers are giving the text to the ignorant citizens. Each sad passage is headlined in a manner that history books perhaps should copy. "Audience Instructed" was one of *Paris-Presse's* opening headlines, followed by a subhead explaining that "the disastrous events of the year '40 are still not fully known except by a small number of initiates." In the same didactic spirit, *La Voix de Paris* ran the headline "*Révélation Sensationelle de Daladier*," plus a subhead that gave Daladier's government's figures on France's 1939 air force, and then, in the article that followed, went into the Marshal's previous request for a reduction of armament appropriations, his lack of interest in those military modernities tanks and anti-tank guns, his peacetime domination of the French Army chiefs, and so on. *Le Monde* featured Reynaud's revelations about those last, complicated, disorderly days of the Republic in Bordeaux, under a subhead saying "Prisoner Pétain's Plot to Seize Power Via an Armistice." Other journals have featured the fact that, in Bordeaux, Pétain had ready in his pocket, like an extra handkerchief, a tentative list of names for his prospective autocratic cabinet. The collaborating policy arranged at the Montoire meeting between Hitler and Pétain also got a big front-page play. Even the Battle of Verdun was slipped into the court lesson and into the reporting of it, together with the little-known fact that, according to General Joffre, its hero was **not** the pallid, handsome, prisoner Marshal, alive and in his armchair before the jurors, but a minor, now-dead general named Nivelle. And, finally, the French armistice of 1940 hit the front page, after the Marshal's unattractive, sour, stammering, black-robed chief defense advocate, the *bâtonnier* Payen, angrily inquired if anyone present in court so much as knew the armistice terms, and after the charming, smiling Presiding Judge Mongibeaux leaned down from his bench, rather like an elegant host catering to his guest's whims, to ask if perchance there was a copy of the armistice in the house. At that point, the terrifying old Prosecutor of the Republic Mornet, who wants Pétain's head and has said so, leaped up from his box to recite by heart those armistice clauses that gave to the Nazis the right to occupy two-thirds of France. "That's unfair!" the defense screamed. "You've no right to begin with the worst part." "I have a right to begin where I choose and my good memory dictates," the prosecution snarled back. The red and black robes recalled the face cards in the trial scene of "Alice in Wonderland," but in the Paris trial scene there was no gentle humor, no awakening from a dream.



The general outline of French history from 1940 to today, most of the details and anecdotes, and certainly more documentation than has yet been cited in court have long been familiar to all the American journalists who have been sitting on their press bench with pencils idle in the heat and, listening, have refreshed their memories. There are four reasons the French did not until now know their own facts. In June, 1940, when France was falling, people and newspapers were fleeing Paris, as if to avoid the country's collapsing on them physically. In the confusion, the June events were only fragmentarily or inaccurately known. After Pétain settled firmly into power in Vichy, he was at first too beloved for anyone to tell the truth and later it became too dangerous to tell. At the time of the Riom trial, at which some of the witnesses in today's court were then prisoners, audaciously giving the same news of France's fall (as a means of expressing faith in America), the excellent underground Riom reports were sent out to the United States but had little circulation in France. And after the liberation last summer, when the truth about France's past could have been told, the exalted French were interested only in her future. Anyhow, there was a paper shortage, which would have prevented printing this vast stale news even if anyone had been interested in doing it. Now, during these long, hot hours of Pétain's trial, the old news is datelined afresh; it is as good as, it is worse than, new. The French absorb it hungrily or cynically, as proof of this or as negation of that. It embodies everything that French democracy is now up against.

There are already three important rumors about the way the trial will end, and all are untrue. The first two are that the French penal code forbids the execution of a man over seventy and that the special legal weight of a high court such as the one Pétain is being tried in makes impossible a reprieve of the death sentence. The third false rumor is that General de Gaulle is against the death sentence. Lots of Parisians say that they would be satisfied if the old man's buttons were cut away —that is, if he suffered military degradation, a punishment perhaps worse than death to him—since they are sick to the depth of their souls of eternally hearing about Le Maréchal.

UNDER the complicated but fair system by which the French Ministry of Information parcelled out the tickets to the courtroom, which seats only about six hundred, my first ticket was for Tuesday, the second day of the trial. The initial visual impression was not of the white-faced Marshal but of the picturesque, scarlet-colored opening of the court that had assembled to try him. This began with the filing in of the five red-robed judges, black velvet hats in hand, and ended with the entrance, loudly announced, of *Monsieur le Procureur Général*. Preceded by a major domo (a sort of kindly, bald court butler in a worn dress suit), Prosecutor Mornet rushed into the room, past the red-robed Bench, and toward his private little pulpit—a torso bent almost horizontal with age, eagerness, and speed, his pointed gray beard and peaked nose leading, his blood-colored robe trailing behind like a sanguine silhouette from a sketchbook of Goya. One's mental impressions of the court accumulated more slowly. To an American, whose judges are supposed to be impartial arbiters, the active, witty, worldly, and openly anti-Pétain comments of handsome Presiding Judge Mongibeaux seemed a strange foreign novelty. It seemed equally odd that once a deputy juror interrupted witness Reynaud to back him up in some statement; that two resistance jurors jumped to their feet to protest angrily against what they called Pétain's *bâtonnier's* insults to their cause; that the same *bâtonnier* accused Reynaud on the stand of calumny, then of "remaking his political virginity;" that both Prime Min-

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isters were allowed to quote what somebody said somebody else had said; that both were allowed to talk by the hour, often of events long before their political time; and, above all, that they were allowed to interpret their own part, their nation's part, the Marshal's part in any event whatever—that they were, indeed, encouraged to stand, with the eyes and ears of the world watching and listening, while they mixed memoirs and politics into their lecture on, and version of, recent French history. It would appear that this peculiar academic treatment, in this particular place and court, was clearly the only procedure by which the final verdict could be reached. As Daladier declared on the stand, with the brutal candor of an *Homme d'Etat* newly sworn for that afternoon to the whole truth, "There is no connection between justice and politics."

DURING Reynaud's endless testimony that day, he spoke, among a thousand other things, of the fact that the poet Paul Valéry, once Pétain's friend, had delivered the address of welcome when the Marshal was finally received into the French Academy. Tuesday, just before midnight, the body of Valéry, who had died bravely of cancer, was escorted, to the beat of muffled military drums, through dark streets to a flambeaux-lighted outdoor catafalque, where it lay, keeping its own last nocturnal vigil over that great view of Paris between the Trocadéro hill and the Tour Eiffel. Valéry was the greatest living French poet, as Pétain had been the greatest living French Marshal; they were of the same vintage and at one time they had been equally appreciated, each for his special flavor. While in Vichy, Pétain dismissed Valéry from his post in that curious institution of scholarly Paris exiles, the Centre Universitaire Méditerranéen of Nice. De Gaulle later reinstated him. In 1943, the elderly poet joined the clandestine littérateurs of the resistant Comité National des Ecrivains. On that Tuesday night, there were only a handful of us waiting on the curb as, in a sudden red flare of Bengal lights, like an apotheosis, the dead poet was carried from the Church of Saint Honoré d'Eylau. Two once-great old men of France had just been lost forever, and a period of French history had indeed come to its end. —GENÊT

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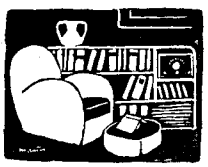
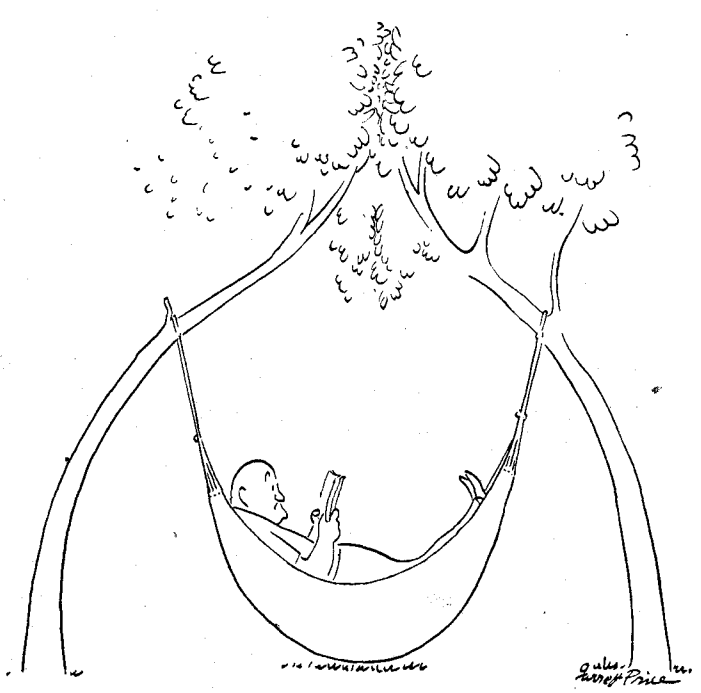
BOOKS

O.K., Zanuck, Take It Away



THE career of Miss Gertrude Lawrence, up to now, has been a good deal like a superior moving picture—profuse in love, nicely arranged in a scale of mounting grandeur, and offering altogether very handsome opportunities for an all-star cast, bathed in Technicolor. The heroine has even furnished her own shooting script—a 238-page book about herself called "A Star Danced," a title, of course, that would look lovely in lights. The strictly stylistic qualities of this document need very little discussion. It seems obvious that Miss Lawrence wrote it herself, composing, if a sample on the jacket can be trusted, in a round, maidenly hand on taupe paper with white ink. Apparently she was also somewhat pushed for time, since the useful dash is the backbone of her punctuation and the curly ampersand serves her faithfully as a connective. Nor is she an author whose ear is outraged by clichés—the waters of the world are the Seven Seas to Miss Lawrence and Timbuktu is her favorite symbol for all that's far away—or one to be daunted by the persistent recurrence of a word or sound. As early as her second page she writes, "And I might see Richard. That thought brought me out of bed and under the shower in one swift leap. From then on the next two days were one mad rush, winding up with the final leap to the airport," and her prose is full of girlish echoes to the end. This contempt for elegant variation, for the patient, hopeless struggle for felicity, is actually one of Miss Lawrence's most endearing young charms. She is a handsome woman, with a fine, arrogant spirit; a slavish attention to syntax would become her as oddly as a sunbonnet.

While the style of "A Star Danced" often suggests a young lady writing her parents from a camp in the Adirondacks, the content is rich and worldly and the point of view a winsome blend of Edward VII and Noel Coward, with brisk, practical overtones of Anita Loos. Miss Lawrence was born in Clapham, a section of London where it doesn't pay to be too nosy about other people's business, and she was christened Gertrude Alexandra Dagmar Klasen, for her father was Danish and these were royal names. Her early days were useful chiefly to establish her beyond any question as a character in a moving picture. There was Father, who sang huskily at smokers and in music halls, and drank, and presently abandoned his family for the less confining society of a minstrel show, where he took up with an amiable girl called Rose. Father was an artist, with all that implies in domestic confusion. Mother was also of the profession, though only dimly, since all her daughter seems to recall is that she was obliged to pad her thighs to land a job in the chorus. She was, in fact, mainly notable for her erratic selection of mates; after the Danish Thrush came Dad, a gambler of quite spectacular incompetence, who kept his family nervously alert for the sheriff. Of them all, the most vivid in her memory is Grandma, an imposing matriarch, who bred in her descendant that deep pleasure in royalty which was eventually to make Miss Lawrence regard the second World War primarily as a crusade to restore Edwardian securities. "The day will inevitably come," she writes at the height of the blitz, "when the established, comfortable, peaceful life, which every British person considers no more than his due, will return." And again, on a note of wonder, "The war has altered some aspects of British life unbelievably. Daisy's door was opened by her husband, Lionel. Butlers have become extinct, even in Eaton Square." Once, by some hideous mistake and in the presence of the commander of the Fleet, she drank the King's health in *water*. "I felt like some miserable figure in a Bateman drawing!" she confesses.



MISS LAWRENCE herself was distinctly a cinema personality. A plain, thin child (they stuffed her hopefully with Scott's Emulsion and Parrish's Chemical Food, but she remained defiantly flat), she compensated for these deficiencies by following the traditional Hollywood patterns for the early behavior of a star with incredible fidelity. "Suddenly," she writes in fond remembrance, "as against a black-velvet backdrop, the past came back to me, and I saw myself as a little girl, dancing on a sidewalk in Clapham . . . holding out my brief skirts." The music, suitably enough, was provided by a wandering organ grinder, discordant but picturesque. She made her first sovereign singing to a Bank Holiday crowd on the sands at Brighton. " 'It ain't all honey, and it ain't all jam,' I carolled lightly, twirling on my toes with my skimpy pink frock held out as far as it would stretch." Sometimes the manager of a theatre gave her a pass to the gallery, where she sat transfixed, dreaming the customary dreams. She went to a school for professional children, where she met Noel Coward, "a thin, unusually shy boy, with a slight lisp," and where the clangor of Bow Bells was summarily erased from her accent. She appeared in Christmas pantomimes and in one of Max Reinhardt's earlier scuffles with "The Miracle;" she went on tour in the provinces, and once, when her employer vanished with the receipts, she put in a week as a barmaid to pay her board; in the end, the talent scouts caught up with her and, in almost less time than it takes to tell (seventy-seven pages), she was understudying Beatrice Lillie in one of André Charlot's revues.

It is all there, as tidy and satisfactory as the works in

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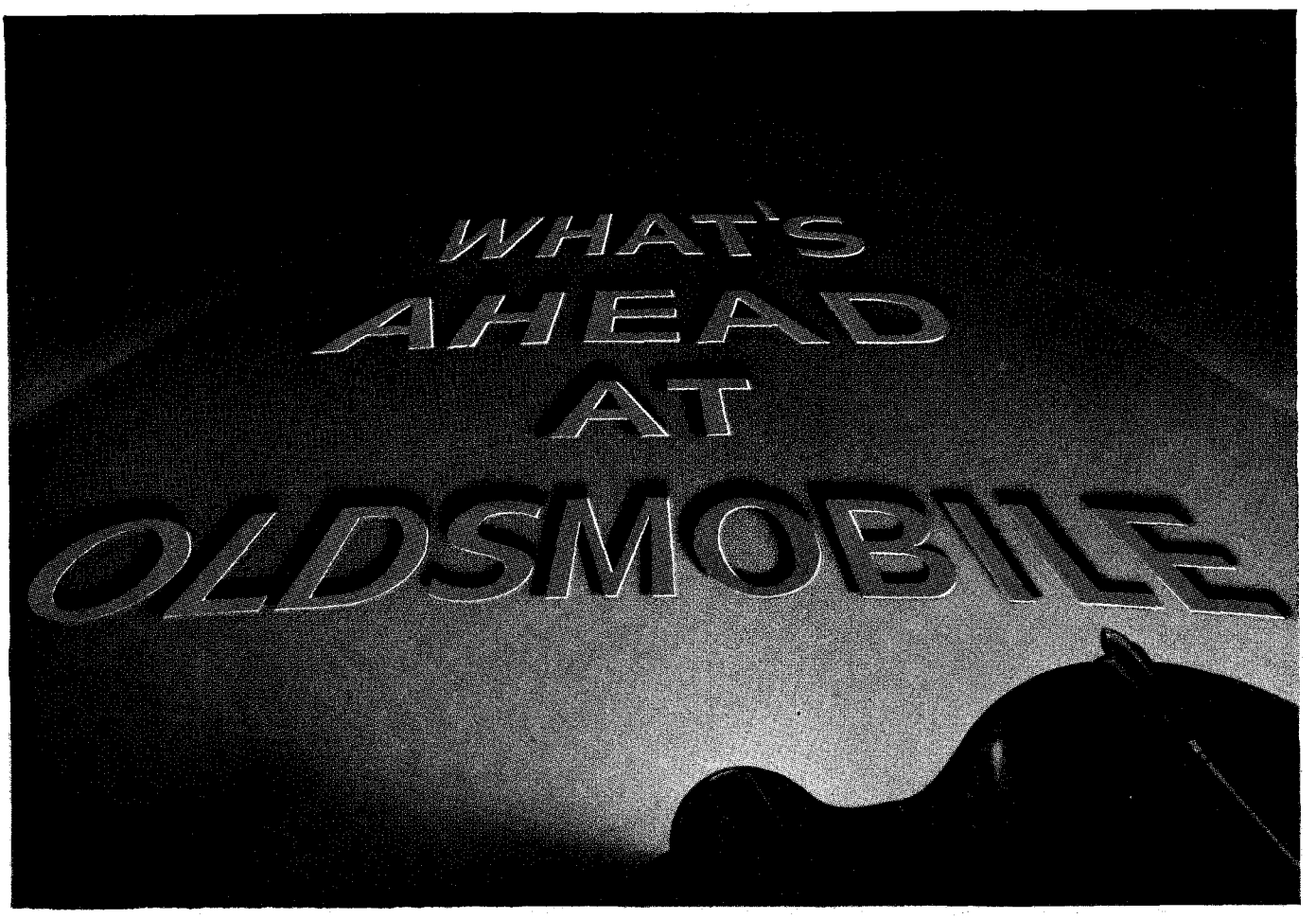

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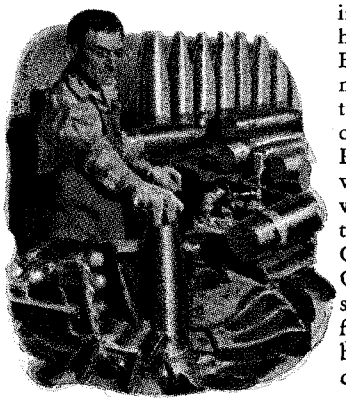

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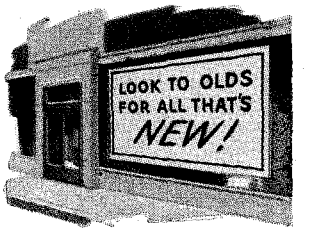

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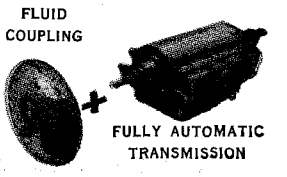

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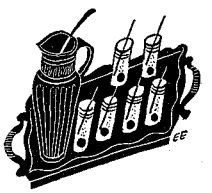
a little watch. It might even be said that it is *more* than all there, for Miss Lawrence is no girl to be content with the usual complexities of life or the accepted clichés of any rise to triumph in the theatre. When Miss Lillie obligingly fell off a horse and her understudy's great chance came, she was notably pregnant (she had married a dim, elderly character named Frank Howley in what appears to have been no more than a fit of abstraction) and only by reminding herself of the brave tradition of the theatre was she able to get herself out on the stage, tightly laced but still indomitably bouncy. Needless to say, she was magnificent. The child, whose sense of timing was also admirable, contrived to be born during one of the worst Zeppelin raids of the war, and Mr. Howley, having performed his whole function somewhat after the manner of the male spider, disappeared without a trace. It is almost permissible to suspect that Miss Lawrence ate him.

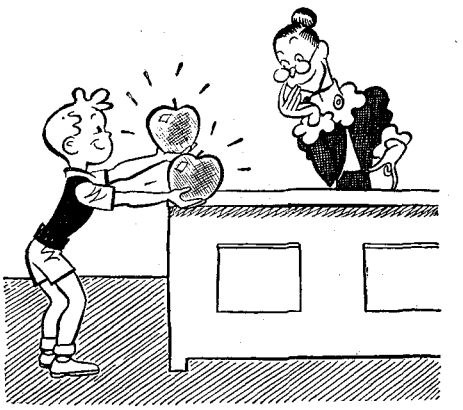


Before her marriage, she had been engaged to a young barrage balloonist identified only as Peter. "Whenever I would look up and see the big balloons bobbing lazily above the roofs and spires, like bubbles rising in an enormous glass of champagne, I had a cozy feeling of protection," she writes on page ninety-three. "My boy was up there looking out for me and for our city." Peter, a correct young man, took her to meet his parents and gave her a diamond-and-sapphire ring (subsequently hocked by Howley), but he had one fatal defect—the theatre bored him silly. In spite of the sense of security engendered by having a fiancé in a balloon, Miss Lawrence was quite unable to imagine herself as a suburban housewife. "The more I thought about Peter and the life he pictured to me . . . the more certain I became that it was not the life for me. So I broke our engagement. Peter took it hard, but gallantly." Like the spectral Howley, Peter was a mistake, and Miss Lawrence was to make others. They were, however, to be on the grand scale, and so was her life.

SINCE the book, like its author on her way to her shower, leaps madly back and forth in time, it isn't easy to keep Miss Lawrence's adventures in any rational sequence. Here she is flying the Atlantic on her way to entertain the troops in France. "How strange," she thinks idly, "was the knowledge that far below was the stretch of tossing gray ocean I had crossed so many times." Here she is standing with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to whom a foolish rumor has her engaged, in a crowd outside Buckingham Palace, waiting for news of George V. When a bulletin announces that the King is dead, she is gratified to see a tall young man sweep off his hat as tears run down his cheeks. "His voice," she notes, "told me he was an American." He was only a colonial, but he wept. In fact, her thoughts at this period turned often to the United States. "I found a tremendous interest in America—a genuine curiosity about what Americans thought, what they were doing and how they felt about the British. Everything sent from the U.S.A. had become extraordinarily valuable and desirable. I don't suppose that at any time since the reign of James I, when the first British colonies were established in America, has the world beyond the Atlantic held out such riches as it does today. The British are rediscovering America."

Once Miss Lawrence came into her dressing room at a London theatre to find the Duke of Kent trying on a foolish blond wig before her mirror while the Prince of Wales was democratically annoying her maid. "P.W., as his intimates referred to him, had fulfilled all the promise I had found in those early photographs of him which I used to pin up beside my mirror. He was debonair, amusing, charming," she writes, adding, more or less cryptically, "At that time, during the early twenties, no one in London had even heard of Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson." It was about this time that she met Captain Philip Astley, who was "everything a knight in armor should be. He was born at Chequers, which is now the official country home of all British Prime Ministers. He was christened in the robes of Oliver Cromwell, and educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, added to which he was desperately good-looking and had unparalleled charm. We had to fall in love with each other. It was as natural and instinctive to us both as it was for us to breathe." Captain Astley was more durable than his predecessors, lasting for almost sixty pages, but then she found to her horror that he, too, was only feebly stirred by the theatre. There were other considerations, of course. "His career was as important as mine, and it would have been wrecked had he married a divorced woman. Though I was his wife, he could not have brought me to Court, since etiquette forbade this. He could not

TWO are better than ONE!



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have entered the Royal Enclosure at Ascot—something which is extremely important to English people of Philip's position. . . . [His] income was not sufficient to pay the heavy expenses of his clubs, his uniforms, and all the obligations connected with his career in Court circles and to support me and a growing daughter." Also, he called Miss Lawrence Dormouse, but she does not list this specifically as a grievance. Anyway, Philip was out of the question.

Fortunately, it was precisely at this vacant moment that Bert Taylor, a young man who she enthusiastically but incorrectly thinks was the son of the president of the New York Stock Exchange, came into her life. "This tall, dark-haired, stunning-looking American was like someone one only reads about," Miss Lawrence notes happily. "With a snap of his fingers, a glance, a quiet word, he had the power to bring about miracles. A banker in Bert's position could, and not infrequently did, make a profit of fifty thousand dollars in a day's trading on the Stock Exchange; and, exhilarated by this achievement, on his way uptown to his club he would drop in at Cartier's and spend a part of the day's bag on a gorgeous bauble to please the lady of his heart. Is it any wonder that Bert Taylor, who moved habitually in this fantastically luxurious world, should have swept me off my feet?" The dark, repetitive fates, however, were still dogging Miss Lawrence, and it was only a little while before she found herself involved in a familiar and disgusting conversation. "When I come home in the afternoon, I'm tired," said Mr. Taylor, obviously not in the tone of a man accustomed to pass fifty-thousand-dollar miracles. "I want to relax, have dinner, play a little bridge or something, and then get to bed at a decent hour. I don't want to sit around alone all evening until your show is over to take you out to supper, and then sit up half the night." Like Captain Astley, he also had a pet name for her. It was Peaches. When the circumstance that he seemed to be engaged to someone else (Captain Astley, too, had had a tiresome way of making alternate arrangements the minute her back was turned) made it clear that Bert would never do, Miss Lawrence was somewhat discouraged. "Would I always be too late for happiness?" she asked herself wearily.

For a while then, she had only more or less dispassionate admirers—William Rhinelander Stewart, who was also capable of quiet miracles and once sent a florist with orders to plant a garden in her back yard; Jules Glaenzer, the head of Cartier's New York branch and "one of those wonderful people, rare in any country and any society, who—though not artists themselves—are creative in their ability to encourage and develop artists of every sort;" Alexander Woollcott, a big, untidy man, with a lap like a lawn, known to her with fond derision as Uncle Aleck; Ernest Hemingway, who made her think tolerantly of "a rather mischievous small boy whose pockets are full of bits of string, old rusty nails, chewing gum, and maybe a pet toad or two;" George Gershwin, whose only interest in life unfortunately was his own music; and the young Prince of Hyderabad, or Baby, who, with the rather disconcerting humor of the mysterious East, gave her a miniature cannon, which fired lighted cigars, and a gold kidskin bag containing betel nuts.

In this emotional vacuum, the theatre was always a great consolation to Miss Lawrence. In John van Druten's "Behold We Live," she felt that she had reached a milestone in her career. "I, who had begun in light musical comedy and revues, was now starring as a dramatic actress in a serious rôle with *other* truly great actors," she writes, though without the italics. "If there is another actress on the English stage who could give the performance you did on Monday night in Edinburgh, I don't know her," Charles B. Cochran told her after a tryout of Noel Coward's "Private Lives," and Mr. Coward himself sent her a specially bound set of all his plays, bearing the inscription "For Gertie, with my undying gratitude for her exquisite, polished, and sensitive performance of Amanda." Ill in a hospital in Toronto and deluged with flowers from all over the world (Florenz Ziegfeld sent his daily, on ice), she realized for the first time that "there was something wonderful in being somebody." The most impressive tribute ever paid her had been the one at the final New York performance of the 1924 "Charlot's Revue." "The whole house stood up and cheered us. They pelted us with flowers. When the audience was finally pushed out of the theatre, several hundred of them merely adjourned to the stage door, where they formed such an imposing mob scene that traffic was clogged in Forty-second Street. When Bea and I came out, laden with flowers, to get into our waiting taxi, we found the roof of the vehicle packed with the more ardent revellers, who escorted us

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I have had a *terrifying* experience!

BY STRUTHERS BURT AUTHOR OF "THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE", "THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS" AND TWO DOZEN OTHER BOOKS

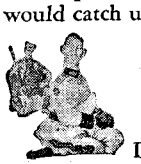
THIS IS how it was. One day in New York I met a Pole named Arthur Szyk.

He had had an interesting history. Born in Warsaw, as a young man he had fought in the Polish army, and then he had become a famous miniaturist. His cartoons show the latter fact: the detail, the precise, jewel-like quality.

When the Germans struck at his native country, he had been living in England for a number of years, and before he could take a breath, all his immediate family in Warsaw had been wiped out—murdered—including his aged mother, and all his wife's immediate family—eight—had been wiped out, except one brother serving with the Russian army. With that, the miniaturist became a cartoonist, dedicated to fighting the horror that was threatening the world. And because he had dedicated himself, he came to America, as it seemed to him that America was the strongest fortress of democracy extant. People who are really dedicated do not as a rule talk much about it. People who have tasted the dregs of wretchedness and horror are as a rule silent. It is the unscathed who argue. The cartoonist is a small, round, smiling, gentle man.

You have heard the wise and ancient Chinese saying that "one picture is worth a thousand words." In the last war there had been the cartoons of Raemakers, the great Belgian, and the cartoons of Bruce Bairnsfather, and it had been generally agreed that they had been worth at least fifteen divisions. Well, this Pole had made some drawings of the Germans, of the Japs, of Mussolini; wonderful drawings, these, by a wonderful artist. But a few words were necessary, and so I was asked to do them. I was asked to do them because, before the last war, I had gone to a German university, and because, ever since, German "kulture" had troubled and alarmed me.

His drawings terrified me, although they were beautiful! I would think of the cartoonist, and his wife, and the millions and millions in Europe who know now what murder is. Gentle people like the cartoonist; good people; people who had done no harm. For the cartoonist and his wife are only two amongst a multitude. And I kept thinking about the creeping horror, too, and how unless we learned to face it, and analyze it, and realize it, and hate it for what it is, with the bitter and unbending contempt it deserves, sooner or later it would catch up with us again.



Don't you think that is terrifying? I do. So I went back to North Carolina, and wrote a long comment about Arthur Szyk's drawings, to put into a book which would tell America the origin, the real design, of the creeping horror that twice within thirty years has threatened the world. Twice within thirty years! More than forty times without due cause the Germans have attacked Europe. Of late, attacking the whole world.

Now, the significance of this, the real face of the horror, what is back of it, and what it has done to the world, and what it will continue to do unless finally checked, is at long last, and after many centuries, known to all nations engaged in fighting it except ourselves. You do not have to tell the Poles, the Russians, the Greeks, the Norwegians, the English, the French; they know by dreadful, intimate contact. But we Americans are still somewhat aloof, even too many of our fighting men. We do not know what it is to have our wives and daughters raped, we do not know what it is to have our houses burned, and our neighbors shot. We do not know starvation and hopeless disease, and concentration camps, and the cold despair of unreturnable insult. But that Pole, Arthur Szyk, seeks to tell us, in his beautiful and terrifying drawings; and I have tried to help him in writing the text of the book to be called "Ink & Blood."

Says CARL VAN DOREN:

Of all the books produced by the present war, there is no one more certain to be alive two hundred years from now. Just as we turn back to Hogarth and Goya for the living images of their age, so our descendants will turn back to Arthur Szyk for the most graphic history of Hitler and Hirohito and Mussolini. Here is the damning essence of what has happened; here is the piercing summary of what men have thought and felt about it.

Says THOMAS CRAVEN:

I know of no other instance in which the decorative apparatus of miniature painting has been combined with the onslaught of direct cartooning to produce an instrument of such deadly effectiveness.

Now THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!

Yes, this is your chance to become one of a lucky thousand who will obtain the first especially-printed copies, each one inscribed to the purchaser by Arthur Szyk, of a book about which Carl Van Doren says: "Of all the books produced by the present war, there is no one more certain to be alive two hundred years from now." For The Heritage Press is going to prepare a large album in which eighty of Arthur Szyk's beautiful miniatures and humorous cartoons and scarifying caricatures are reproduced: many of them in printings of six colors each. Mr. Szyk has placed upon it the title: INK & BLOOD. *It will later be followed by a cheap edition. But this first edition will be beautifully produced, handsomely printed on all-rag paper, bound in levant morocco, and each copy* inscribed to the purchaser by Arthur Szyk. *And this first edition will be limited to one thousand copies only, at twenty-five dollars per copy. This is the first, and the only, announcement of what may become a priceless limited edition. So this is your chance, to fill out the Order Form now and reserve your copy:*

FOR YOUR ADVANCE RESERVATION

The Heritage Press, 595 Madison Avenue, New York 22:

Please list my reservation now for one of the one thousand copies of the limited edition of Arthur Szyk's INK & BLOOD. I understand that each of these copies will be inscribed to the purchaser by Arthur Szyk. I understand that you will send me a completely descriptive circular when the production reaches an advanced stage, at which time I may cancel this reservation if I wish, or else send you my payment of twenty-five dollars.

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through the streets of New York singing our own songs to us."

Eventually the script was finished, except for a suitable fadeout, and soon that was provided, too. Happiness came to Miss Lawrence when she was trying out "Skylark" at a summer theatre on Cape Cod. Her producer was Richard Aldrich, a tall young American (all Miss Lawrence's beaux, of course, were tall and young) whom she had met casually in London several years before. "Richard and I took our time," she writes with a rather settled and matronly air. "We both wanted to be very, very sure. I had made one mistake in marriage. I did not want to make another. It was curious about Richard—it was as though he combined in one person the different things I had found and admired in Philip Astley and Bert Taylor. He was Boston and Harvard, and had been a banker, but above all he loved the theatre. He was the first man in my life who understood what my career in the theatre meant to me—the first man who really understood me. And so we were married." It was perfect. The only note, in fact, that might conceivably distress the Hays Office came in the form of a rather questionable telegram from that perennial bachelor who had always followed her career with passionate, if slightly sardonic, attention:

> Dear Mrs. A.,
> Hooray, hooray,
> At last you are deflowered.
> On this as every other day
> I love you—Noel Coward.

—Wolcott Gibbs

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Fates Are Laughing, by W. P. Crozier (Harcourt, Brace). Roman society in the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius, in a lively, extremely informal, yet learned novel. The author, the late editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, lacks the delicate irony of Robert Graves and he has belabored the *plus-ça-change* idea too hard (this being, after all, a fairly easy point to get), but he has at the same time created a vivid story of life in the early decades of the Christian era and an understanding of the human motives that underlay it. In spite of some rather awful fixed-up climaxes and occasional melodramatic dialogues, the book is as readable as it is informative.

The Stranger, by Maria Kuncewiczowa, translated from the Polish (Fischer). With considerable subtlety, the author conveys the tangle of emotions in the heart of an egocentric woman who builds her entire life around dreams of an unfulfilled love affair. In an imaginative introduction, Storm Jameson suggests that the Polish heroine, whose life has been twisted by a childhood exile to Russia, is a sort of symbol of Poland and that the lack of security, the memories of defeat, the unsatisfied hungers of the undisciplined girl are a reflection of the history of that unhappy country. An interesting study, even without the allegorical significance Miss Jameson attaches to it.

So Well Remembered, by James Hilton (Little, Brown). Mr. Hilton has cut out for himself quite a job by taking on, as a central character, a dull and highly moral middle-aged fellow and making him extremely likable. The novel is mostly concerned with this hero, his admirable interest in slum clearance, and his strange wife, who leaves him to marry another man. In time, the second marriage produces a son, who is badly shot up in the war and thus affords Mr. Hilton an opportunity for some of his mild but sincere moralizing. Not much of a story, really, but turned out as deftly as you would expect of an author who knows all the tricks of narrative.

Identity Unknown, by Robert Newman (Ziff-Davis). A wounded American soldier regains consciousness in an Army hospital in Italy without being able to remember his name (his identification tag has been shot off) or anything of his past. Four dog tags were found at the scene of the engagement in which he was wounded, and when he is returned to the United States, he makes a pilgrimage to the families of the soldiers whose names are on these tags, in the hope that one of the men will turn out to be himself. This potentially moving theme of a man searching for his past has been made into a sticky little confection which Hollywood has already claimed as its own.

GENERAL

The Dawn of Liberation, by the Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill (Little, Brown). The right honourable author can turn out a right honourable piece of rhetoric when he gets up a head of steam, which doesn't seem to be a hard job for him, and this collection of his speeches, messages, and broadcasts during the fifth year of the war provides some notable examples of that old and compelling art. It also provides a glimpse of history in the making, history after the making, and some revealing insights into the workings of one of the most interesting minds of our time. A companion volume to the recent Prime Minister's "Blood, Sweat, and Tears," "The Unrelenting Struggle," "The End of the Beginning," and "Onwards to Victory."

The Japanese Nation, by John F. Embree (Farrar & Rinehart). The Japanese nation has been examined, reëxamined, and re-reëxamined so many times by so many people and from so many points of view that any further activity in that direction would seem rather unnecessary. Mr. Embree, however, proves that if a writer knows his subject and knows more about writing than merely how to put periods after sentences and arrange sentences into paragraphs, he can always add something to what has been said. The author adds a great deal in this book, which outlines the Japanese social structure and shows how that structure is related to the behavior of the Japanese. All in all, perhaps the best book by an American on the subject.

China's Crisis, by Lawrence K. Rosinger (Knopf). China today, by one of the Foreign Policy Association's experts on the Far East. Mr. Rosinger goes over the usual ground—China's military, political, and economic position—but he turns over the good earth with much more than the usual skill. His analysis of China's place in the world, and its relations with the powers that have come to be known as the Big Three, alone makes his book worth reading.

Poor Man's Doctor, by Lewis R. Tryon (Prentice-Hall). The story of a man who has spent most of his life practicing medicine among the farmers and miners of Pennsylvania, with time out to fight typhus in Estonia after the first World War. Dr. Tryon's candor and informality, and his picture of our miners and how they live, more than make up for his book's lack of drama and the slapdash, happy-go-lucky writing.

•

A month later he was awarded the Silver Star and Purple Hearst for his part in action while "AWOL."—*From the Journal-American.*

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